

BO KNOWS INFINITY

By Adam Best

"I THINK BO COULD WIN THE INDIANAPOLIS 500. I THINK HE COULD KNOCK OUT MIKE TYSON. I THINK HE COULD WIN THE US OPEN -- TENNIS OR GOLF."

- GEORGE BRETT

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OPEN ON: COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE

A retro "Bo Knows" Nike commercial plays. The one where over a dozen different BO JACKSONS mingle. *Everybody* knows it.

There's BASEBALL BO and FOOTBALL BO. But there's also...

GOLF BO

SURF BO

CYCLING BO

SOCCKER BO

HOCKEY BO

JOCKEY BO

TENNIS BO

GYM BO

B-BALL BO

INDYCAR BO

CRICKET BO

[You don't know Bo freaking Jackson!? Seriously!? Sigh. Go watch the ad here. Now.]

The Nike logo flashes at the end. The ad transitions into...

LARRY (PRE-LAP)
Tonight. If athleticism were a
crime, he'd be at the top of the
FBI's most wanted list.

INT. CNN STUDIO SET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

VINCENT "BO" JACKSON (30-ish) smirks for the TV cameras. He's rocking a funky button-up and a fly gold chain.

This handsome hulk is so ripped he could make Atlas feel insecure. And like Atlas, Bo carries the weight of the world.

LARRY (O.S.)
He's sports superstar Bo Jackson.

The LARRY KING LIVE logo flashes, backed by a cheesy jingle.

Iconic television host LARRY KING appears. Black-rimmed rectangle glasses. Signature suspenders. Baritone voice.

Larry and Bo sit opposite. Trademark digital map backdrop.

LARRY
Bo, welcome to Larry King Live.

BO
Glad to be here, Larry.

LARRY
You're the first pro athlete to
become an All-Star in two sports.
How'd you pull that off?

BO

Ask god. He's the one who gave Bo all this talent.

Bo winks. In the public eye, Bo often refers to himself in the third person. As a folk hero, he can get away with it.

LARRY

That's one interview even I can't land. On a separate note, what do you think of your new commercial?

BO

Michael Jordan should watch out. There might be a new king at Nike.

LARRY

Bold proclamation.

BO

Hey, he only plays one sport.

LARRY

This marketing campaign has turned you into Paul Bunyan. But no human being can do everything. You can't actually surf, can you? Be honest.

BO

Bo can conquer anything he sets his mind on. This is only the beginning. No sport is safe.

LARRY

I hope your trophy case has some extra space.

BO

It's pretty packed. Might build a bigger room.

LARRY

Promise to come back on the show after you win the Tour de France?

BO

You're joking, but somewhere out there Greg LeMond is shaking in his spandex. Believe that.

LARRY

More with Bo after the break.

EXT. RAIDERS PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

The LOS ANGELES RAIDERS scrimmage. Offense vs. defense.

SUPERIMPOSE: "January 1991"

FWWITT. A whistle blows. The quarterback hands off to Bo, the team's superstar running back...

Bo half-asses it, dips out of bounds early to avoid contact. Still a six-yard run. He's that quick.

Head coach ART SHELL loses it. Throws his clipboard.

ART

Chrissakes, Jackson. Turn on the jets. We got a playoff game this week and you're not even trying.

BO

Bo is trying. Trying not to get hurt. It's practice, coach.

ART

Fine. Marcus, get in there.

MARCUS ALLEN -- an erstwhile star who now plays second fiddle to Bo -- buckles his chinstrap. Bo sulks toward the sideline.

Pass-rusher HOWIE LONG (Square jaw. Squarer flattop.) trolls.

HOWIE

What's wrong, pretty boy? Afraid you'll mess up your manicure?

Defensive teammates erupt in laughter. Dumb move.

BO

Hold on, Marcus. Bo needs one more snap. Time to show these fools what's up.

Marcus shrugs, unbuckles his chinstrap. Bo jogs back onto the field. A human tea kettle.

The offense lines up. The defense gets set. FWWITT. Art blows his whistle. The QB hands the ball to Bo again...

Howie explodes off the line. He swarms Bo, who spins so damn fast Howie whiffs... and accidentally tackles Art.

ART

What the hell you doing, Howie!?

A man on a mission, Bo rounds the corner like his life depends on it. BAM. Stiff-arms a linebacker to smithereens...

Bo is really moving now. A rhinoceros with the grace of a gazelle. His sequoia-sized legs churn like crazy...

Only one defender, a safety, stands between Bo and daylight. The safety dives at Bo's feet. Bo hurdles him with ease...

And he's gone. No, *actually* gone. Bo sprints so fast he can't slow down. Dashes by the endzone and into the locker room.

Offensive teammates celebrate. Defenders shake their heads.

Howie dusts himself off and rises. Helps Art to his feet.

ART

Dang. What got into Bo?

HOWIE

Guys with daddy issues always respond well to negative feedback.

ART

Next man up. Get in there, Marcus.

MARCUS

Shiiiiit. How am I supposed to follow that? It's like going on stage right after Madonna.

ART

More like prima donna. Guy thinks he's god's gift to football.

HOWIE

Can't say I blame him.

INT. MEETING ROOM - RAIDERS TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

The RUNNING BACK COACH leads a snoozefest of a meeting.

RUNNING BACK COACH

Red zulu bunch eighteen counter trap left. This play will be there.

Bo hides a Sharper Image catalog in a playbook. Checks out an alarm clock-phone-answering machine-radio-coffeemaker combo.

Marcus catches Bo in the act, shakes his head.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - RAIDERS TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Bo approaches the bench press. Teammates whoop and holler.

HOWIE

Wow. Bo Jackson in the weight room.
Can't believe my eyes.

BO

Marcus bet me a C-note. Let's get
it over with.

MARCUS

This asshole says he can bench five-
hundred pounds. Yeah right.

HOWIE

The only thing I've ever seen him
lift is his Johnson. And it's not
very heavy.

BO

Shut up and give Bo a spot.

Bo loads the bar. Five 45-pound plates on each side. Draws
funny looks. The weight literally bends the barbell.

MARCUS

That's only four ninety-five.

A blasé Bo throws a tiny 2.5-pound weight on each end. Howie
assumes a spotter's position.

Without warming up, Bo reclines and nonchalantly pumps out a
rep. Feeling petty, he rips off a second rep. Racks the bar.

Bo springs up, glowers at Marcus and Howie. Cockiness oozing
out of every pore. A sheepish Marcus forks \$100 over to Bo.

PRE-LAP: BBBRING. An old-school mobile phone rings.

I/E. DODGE VIPER - FREEWAY - DAY

Perfect weather. 70° on the dot. The only flaw is the smog.

Bo weaves his roofless Dodge Viper through traffic. His
jumpsuit's pattern is so bright it might trigger seizures.

Turns down the P.M. Dawn on his stereo (follow along with the
epic '90s soundtrack [here](#)). Answers a Motorola brick phone.

BO

Yo. Who's this?

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

Floral wallpaper with matching drapes and furniture. Yuck.

Bo's agent, lawyer RICHARD WOODS (50), is on a landline phone. He's an Alabama good old boy with only one client.

RICHARD

Oh nobody special. Just the guy who keeps your career on track.

INTERCUT BO AND RICHARD PHONE CALL

BO

Richard, my man.

RICHARD

Sounds like you're in the Viper.
Gotta let me drive that someday.

BO

Never gonna happen. So stop hounding me.

RICHARD

That's hounding? No, hounding is the Royals calling me three, four, five times a week.

BO

Them again.

RICHARD

Yes. The other employer that pays you seven figures. They want to know your ETA for spring training. What do I tell them?

BO

That the Bo business is booming.
Keeping me busy. But Bo will be in uniform on opening day.

RICHARD

You can't keep showing up for seasons without any training.
That's how athletes get hurt. Even genetic marvels such as yourself.

BO

There are no genetic marvels like me. Just me.

RICHARD

Even so. I'm worried about you. As a friend.

BO

Want something to worry about?
There's a new product we should
launch. The Bo Jackson Alarm Clock-
Radio-Phone-Answering Machine-
Coffeemaker Combo. Start your day
off right with a do-it all device.

RICHARD

Clever. I'll look into it. Now do
me a solid and commit to being in
Florida by February.

BO

Tell them March. *Maybe.*

RICHARD

Sure. Fine. Better than nothing.

Bo hangs up and cranks the stereo.

Richard yanks his hair and mumbles.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Inflatable tube men flail about in the wind. A large CROWD
assembles to watch something. That something is...

Bo Jackson. He jogs and casually jumps over a VW Beetle.
Easily clears it. Didn't even take off his jumpsuit jacket.

The crowd goes bananas. Peak Bo mania.

INT. SHOWROOM - CAR LOT - DAY

In the corner, there's a table with two stacks of 8x10
photos. Bo sits beside his Kansas City Royals teammate...

GEORGE BRETT (pushing 40), the baseball superstar known for
two things: getting on base and getting people to laugh.

On autopilot, Bo and George crank out autographs for FANS.

GEORGE

Thanks for hooking this up, Bo-Bo.
Got a sweet deal on a Dodge Viper.
Gonna be one of the first people to
own one. They're only making two
hundred of them, I guess.

BO

What do you think I drove here in?

GEORGE

Bullshit. They don't even come out
until next year.

BO

One of the perks of being Bo.

Some GRUNGY TEENAGER who thinks he's Kurt Cobain approaches.
Bo signs his name. The teen takes the photo and leaves.

GEORGE

Hey, kid, don't you want mine?

GRUNGY TEENAGER

Uh, sure. I guess.

George scribbles his name and hands the 8x10 to the teen.

GEORGE

Won the batting title last year and
these punks act like I'm a scrub.

BO

But did you ever jump over a
Volkswagen Bug?

GEORGE

Maybe a toy one. I've got a pancake
vertical. I can jump over a stack
of pancakes, but that's about it.
Not a full stack either. We're
talking short stack here.

BO

(giggles)

Know who else thinks you're
hilarious? My sons. They want you
to go to the game with them Sunday.

GEORGE

Of course. Can't let your boys grow
up thinking all men are unfunny.

BO

I'll let Linda know you're in.

GEORGE

Tell her hello. She's the most
talented Jackson. Would rather have
her autograph than yours.

George playfully elbows Bo, messes up his John Hancock.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

A bedroom converted into a hunting mancave. Where Bo builds, stores and repairs equipment. When he has time (never).

GARRETT JACKSON (6), a spitting image of Bo, draws a car shape on a rectangular Pinewood Derby block. It's not pretty.

His mom, LINDA JACKSON (mid-30s), supervises.

She's a brainiac psychologist with Tina Turner-esque style. Call Linda "Ms. Bo" and drink your meals through a straw.

Linda prepares to carve with a band saw. Garrett is uneasy.

GARRETT
Wish dad was helping us.

LINDA
Me too. But he's super busy. So we get to have all the fun.

She hacks away at the outline. Finishes carving. The wood looks like a beaver gnawed on it.

Garrett shoots his mom an insecure glance.

LINDA
It'll be OK. Here. Start sanding.

Linda hands him a sanding sponge.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - DAY

Fresh Prince of Bel-Air live taping. WILL SMITH (23) studies in character as, uh, Will Smith. Movie star charisma intact.

The Banks family BUTLER approaches.

BUTLER
Master William, you have a visitor.
A Mister Jackson.

WILL
Oh, c'mon. I don't have time for these interruptions. Look, I got homework forever. Tell Michael I'll work on his dance steps later.

The STUDIO AUDIENCE cracks up.

From out of nowhere, Bo waltzes on set.

BO
That's Bo Jackson.

The audience applauds.

Will greets Bo with an overzealous handshake.

WILL
What's up, baby?

In pain, Bo winces, grabs his hand.

BO
Watch the handshake, man. Pssh.
There goes baseball season.

The audience cackles. One guy goes overboard. Always.
Satisfied with this take, the DIRECTOR interrupts.

DIRECTOR
Cut! Great stuff, Bo. Let's go
again from the top.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A scruffy SCOUT LEADER places a Pinewood Derby monstrosity, booger green and oddly shaped, on an analog scale.

Garrett and Linda observe. Garrett is in a Cub Scout uniform.

LINDA
Never took shop class. Was always
too much of a bookworm.

SCOUT LEADER
The important thing is that Garrett
is participating. It's the journey,
not the destination.

This cornball probably has that quote on a poster.

The car weighs 5.5 ounces. Garrett frowns.

SCOUT LEADER
Uh-oh. It's a half ounce over
regulation. Can't let it race.

Thinking fast, Linda marches over to...

DICKHEAD DAD (Khakis. Moussed Hair. A walking Gap mannequin.) and snotty son BRAD. Their car could be in the Louvre.

LINDA
Can we please borrow your saw?

DICKHEAD DAD
 What's a matter? Bo couldn't flex
 his bicep and pop out a car?

Brad and Dickhead Dad gloat, exude Cobra Kai energy.

BRAD
 Let her take it, dad. They need all
 the help they can get.

Linda hustles back with the handsaw. Slices a decent-sized chunk off the front of the car. Moms. Get. Shit. Done.

LINDA
 Weigh it again. Now.

The bumbling scout leader doesn't dare argue. He re-weighs the car. 4.6 ounces. Linda high-fives Garrett.

SCOUT LEADER (PRE-LAP)
 On your marks...

LATER

Pinewood Derby cars are lined up on the track. Ready to race. Four beauts and Garrett's beast comprise the first heat.

SCOUT LEADER
 Get set... go!

The scout leader pulls the lever that frees the cars. ZOOM. Most fly down the sloped track. Garrett's car chugs along.

Four cars cross the finish line. Grouped so closely it's a photo finish. But Garrett's car stalls on the straightaway.

Humiliated, Garrett hangs his head. Brad, Dickhead Dad and many CUB SCOUTS are in stitches over his misfortune.

Linda struggles to watch. Her heart hurts.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

The CREW breaks down the *Fresh Prince* set. Bo huddles up with ALFONSO RIBEIRO, aka Carlton Banks, and Will.

BO
 Bo wants to be great at this acting thing. You fellas have any advice?

WILL
 Get comfortable looking silly. Get comfortable making mistakes.
 (MORE)

And break the thing inside of you
that doesn't want people to see it.

ALFONSO
Vulnerability is the name of the
game. Find that and you're cooking.

Bo can't conceal his uncomfortable expression.

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Geometric patterns. Vivid colors. Mirrored surfaces. Abstract art. An overpaid interior designer keeps them very on-trend.

At the dining-room table, Linda studies a trauma therapy textbook. Dog ears and highlights galore.

Bo trudges into the room, exhausted from a looooong day.

BO
Hey, baby.

LINDA
Welcome home, Vincent.

He wraps his arms around her from behind. Kisses her from the side. She gives him a lazy peck back. Clearly not enthused.

BO
Being Bo ain't a full-time job.
It's more like three of them.

LINDA
You're not the only one who has
long days, buster. Mine isn't even
over yet.

Linda gestures to her dense psychology book.

BO
Thanks for taking Garrett to the
Derby thingy. Really wish I
could've been there.

LINDA
Thingy? It was his Super Bowl. His
car didn't even finish the race.

BO
Garrett is young. Doesn't have a
sense of proportion. We have plenty
of time to do this stuff together.

LINDA

Keep saying that and his entire childhood will flash by.

BO

I'm busting my ass out there. To pay for their future. To be a positive male role model. To give them everything I never had.

LINDA

You're trying to be a good dad. In your own way. Just don't act like everything you do is for them.

BO

Some of it's for you too.

LINDA

Mm-hmm. Don't forget about that giant chip of yours.

Linda pats Bo's boulder of a shoulder.

LINDA

Wouldn't want him to feel left out.

BO

Very funny... Listen, I'm sorry the Derby didn't go well. Maybe we can start thinking ahead so I can help next year.

LINDA

Always next year. And don't apologize to me. He's the one you let down.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

A sports shrine filled with posters and pendants. The dim room is faintly lit by Garrett playing Nintendo.

The game is Tecmo Bowl. Garrett runs the ball with Bo. His digital dad zigs and zags. 8-bit defenders bounce off of him.

Bo cracks the door. Surprised to see his son awake.

BO

Garrett, what are you doing? It's time for bed. Turn that off, son.

GARRETT

Dad! Check this out.

Digital Bo enters the endzone. Touchdown! Garrett puts away his controller and turns off the Nintendo.

GARRETT

I thought this was the only way I'd see you today.

BO

Sorry I missed your race. My schedule was brutal.

GARRETT

That's OK. Brad always wins this stuff. I'm kinda used to it.

Garrett slides under the Raider-print sheets on his football-shaped bed. Bo tucks him in.

BO

Sleep tight, son.

GARRETT

Night, dad.

INT. HALLWAY - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Outside Garrett's room, Bo hunches over. Reels from the emotional gut punch. Shakes it off. Needs to "stay strong."

PRE-LAP: The roars of a football stadium...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

The CINCINNATI BENGALS visit the Raiders. The Raiders lead 7-3 early in the third quarter. It's a toss-up.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NFL Playoffs - January 13, 1991"

The BLACK HOLE section -- more post-apocalyptic horde than normie football enjoyers -- might murder a random CINCY FAN.

Iconoclast AL DAVIS (60s) paces in his owner's suite. 1950s ducktail hairdo. Designer shades. Trademark tracksuit.

Raiders ball. 1st and 10. The quarterback utters his cadence. The center hikes. The QB play-action fakes to Bo...

Drops back and scans the field. Spots an open receiver. Rifles the ball waaaaay over his head. Incomplete pass.

George is in the stands with Linda, Garrett and NICHOLAS (4). All dressed in silver-and-black Raiders garb.

GEORGE

That was about as accurate as a
drunken tarot card reader. They
need to give the ball to Bo.

GARRETT

Let's go, Dad!

NICHOLAS

Go Dad! Whoo-hoo!

2nd down and 10. Hut hut hike. The QB pitches to Bo, who
rushes right. Blows by hapless Bengals defenders with ease...

Caught between a tackler and the sideline, Bo is stuck...

He stops on a dime, cuts inward. Unfair! A 230-pound man
shouldn't be able to do that. Bo hits the afterburners...

The last Bengals player lunges at Bo's tree trunks. Hangs on
for dear life. It's as if he's being dragged behind a car.

Bo churns...

Pistons firing...

But can't break free...

Tackled after a 34-yard gain.

POP!

X-RAY VISION

Inside Bo's leg, the sheer force dislocates his left hip.

The pain is excruciating, causes Bo to squirm on the turf.

Linda views her husband through binoculars. She's shocked.

Bo grimaces. The agony makes him scream. Pound the field with
his fist. You'd think an ice pick was stabbing him.

LINDA

I've never seen that look on his
face before.

GARRETT

Mom, is dad OK?

On Linda: Speechless.

GEORGE

Don't worry, boys. Your pops is
made of titanium. Lookie there.
He's already walking it off.

Bo is NOT walking it off. Art and the HEAD TRAINER help him
limp to the sideline. He only puts weight on his right leg.

Howie and Marcus check on Bo as he gimped by.

BO

Get away from me.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - ALABAMA SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER - DAY

Bo fidgets on the examination table. Still in great
discomfort. Linda is by his side. So are his crutches.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Three Months Later"

Famed orthopedic surgeon DR. JAMES ANDREWS enters. Nobody has
operated on more pro athletes.

DR. ANDREWS

Bo. It's always an honor to see my
favorite athlete. We Alabama guys
have to stick together.

BO

Thanks for seeing me, Dr. Andrews.

DR. ANDREWS

Of course. Just hope you're not in
too much pain.

BO

It's manageable. The rehab process
is just a little slow. That's all.

LINDA

Stop playing the tough guy. You're
miserable all day, every day.

DR. ANDREWS

I'm sorry to hear that. But I'm
here to help.

BO

Tell it to me straight. What are we
talking about here?

Dr. Andrews' face creases. He gestures to the light box where
Bo's X-rays and MRI scans are clipped.

DR. ANDREWS

You've developed avascular necrosis. It's a bone disease that happens when blood supply is disrupted by an injury. Unfortunately, AVN is almost impossible to diagnose until it has already set in.

Waits.

DR. ANDREWS

There's no easy way to say this...

Another pause.

DR. ANDREWS

But my recommendation is an artificial hip.

Bo's heart sinks. Linda buries her face in her hands.

BO

There has to be another way.

DR. ANDREWS

Wish there was. But the joint is deteriorating rapidly. Your hip is a ticking time bomb of decay. It's paramount that we intervene.

BO

An artificial hip. OK. No problem. Bo has beaten bigger obstacles.

DR. ANDREWS

If anyone can defy the odds it's you. I'll do absolutely everything in my power to give you a shot.

BO

I understand.

DR. ANDREWS

I'll let you two have a moment.

Dr. Andrews tenderly touches Bo's arm. This is brutal. For everyone. Dr. Andrews departs.

Bo tries to play it tough. But the bad news overwhelms him.

LINDA

Come here, baby.

Linda holds Bo and he cries on her shoulder. She racks her brain, searches for words. Quietly realizes she has none.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - ALABAMA SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER - DAY

Under anesthesia, Bo lies on a gurney in a hospital gown. Dr. Andrews and a SURGICAL TEAM perform hip replacement surgery.

Dr. Andrews removes diseased bone tissue and cartilage from Bo's hip joint. It's pretty gnarly in there.

The ball and socket are replaced with artificial parts.

DENNIS (PRE-LAP)

Hey! No more questions about Bo's hip. SHUT UP!

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE

QUICK CUTS of a Nike ad. Bad boy comic DENNIS LEARY motor-mouths a monologue. Bo rehabs his hip like a madman.

DENNIS

You thought it was over? WRONG! It ain't over till the hip socket sings. OK!? So Bo's got a bum hip? So what! Look at what he's doing with that hip. He's hitting the bike. He's hitting the weights. He's wearing his shoes.

Relentless pace. Dennis and Bo. IN. YOUR. FACE.

DENNIS

As a matter of fact, he's in the pool, wearing the shoes, riding the bike with a hundred and twenty pounds of weight strapped to his neck. OK!? And what are you and your good hip doing right now? WATCHING COMMERCIALS! I think you hear me knockin', and I think I'm comin' in, and I'm bringing Bo and his big bad hip with me.

Dennis mimes knocking on a door. Bo mean-mugs the camera.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

The team's head trainer conducts tests on Bo's hip. The slogan "Commitment to Excellence" is painted on the wall.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Six Months Later"

INT. TRAINING ROOM - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

The team's HEAD TRAINER conducts tests on Bo's hip. The slogan "Catch the Thrill" is painted on the wall.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOBBY - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

CLICKETY-CLACK. A SECRETARY types. Framed photos of team icons fill the room -- from Gene Upshaw to Ken Stabler.

On the sofa, Bo squirms.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOBBY - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

CLICKETY-CLACK. A SECRETARY types. Framed photos of team icons fill the room -- from Amos Otis to Hal McRae.

On the sofa, Bo squirms.

AL (PRE-LAP)
Come in, Bo. Please sit down.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

Al Davis paces back and forth behind his desk. Like a shark, he thinks he'll suffocate if he stops moving.

Bo limps to a chair, plops down.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

Royals owner EWING KAUFFMAN (70s) is stationed behind what might as well be a throne. Health iffy. Intellect intact.

Bo limps to a chair, plops down.

EWING
Thanks for meeting with me.

INTERCUT AL/BO AND EWING/BO CHATS

AL
You failed your physical exam. Our training staff can't clear you.

EWING
It's simply too big of a risk. For the franchise and the player.

AL
The only remaining recourse is to release you from your contract.

EWING

Our organization wishes you success
in all your future endeavors.

Excommunicated by two leagues at once. A speechless Bo is now all alone. The esprit de corps he felt is gone.

INT. SCREENED PORCH - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Juicy strip steaks cook on a gas grill. Bo monitors, zones out. Munches on Doritos. Wears depression like cheap cologne.

Linda keeps him company, rocks BABY MORGAN (infant).

Garrett and Nicholas play tag, scream in one door and out the other. Two miniature blurs.

LINDA

Slow down, boys!
(aside to Bo)

And you slow down on those Doritos.
Leave some room for dinner.

BO

Sorry. They're addictive.

KNOCK KNOCK. Richard emerges from the backyard.

RICHARD

Bo! I have exciting news. Wanted to deliver it personally. Tried the front door but nobody --

BO

-- family time, Richard. Swinging by the crib unannounced isn't cool. Normal people call first to make sure they aren't intruding.

LINDA

Let him in, Vincent. It's chilly.

Reluctantly, Bo unlocks the door. His agent barges in.

RICHARD

Thanks, Linda.

BO

What's this "exciting news?"

RICHARD

A professional sports organization has offered a seven-figure deal.

LINDA

Thank god. Our prayers have finally been answered.

RICHARD

They're totally legit. With extremely deep pockets.

BO

So who are they?

RICHARD

The next big thing... wait for it... American Gladiators!

BO

What am I? A joke!?

CLANK. Bo hammers the side of the grill with a spatula. So hard the utensil snaps. He marches off.

This upsets Morgan, who wails. Linda is not pleased.

LINDA

VINCENT! CALM DOWN. It's alright, Morgan. You're alright.

She passes tongs to Richard.

LINDA

Here. Watch the grill.

RICHARD

Just grilling steaks. Not awkward at all. Nope. Totally comfortable.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo stews, constructs arrows. His version of alone time.

Linda approaches him with Morgan -- now much calmer. She hands Morgan to a surprised Bo, who cradles the baby.

LINDA

Here. Hold your daughter. She'll help you remember what matters.

Bo softens but not all the way. His mind is elsewhere.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bo and Linda grab dinner with George and his girlfriend LESLIE. Bo's vibrant suit is straight outta *New Jack City*.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NEW YEAR'S EVE 1991"

Their party reviews the menu. A young WAITER materializes.

WAITER

Bo, I mean Mister Jackson. It's a pleasure to meet you. You were my hero. Terrible what happened.

BO

Uh, thanks.

Long uncomfortable silence.

GEORGE

Say, who wants champagne?

LESLIE

I'd love some.

LINDA

We got a babysitter for a reason.

GEORGE

Three glasses of bubbly and a seltzer for the lightweight here.

WAITER

Any appetizers?

GEORGE

Everything on the list. I'm buying.

The waiter bobs his head and departs.

GEORGE

Forget that jerk, Bo-Bo. You're still my hero. Always will be.

Bo puts on a happy face, but deep down that stung.

PRE-LAP: A DJ spins "I'm Too Sexy" by Right Said Fred.

INT. BAR - FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trashed, George sings along. Strips shirtless. Leslie shrugs.

GEORGE

I'm too sexy for my shirt, too sexy for my shirt, so sexy it hurts...

Bo and Linda post up at the bar. He's sober. She's tipsy.

The DJ makes an announcement.

DJ

Countdown time. Who's ready to
usher in a new year? 10... 9...
8... 7... 6...

BO

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...
Happy New Year!

LINDA

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...
Happy New Year!

Bo and Linda share a tender New Year's kiss.

LINDA

It's gonna be a great year.

BO

Good riddance, nineteen ninety-one.

LINDA

Time to make a wish. Ready? Go!

Bo and Linda close their eyes and make a wish. Bo really focuses. Takes their custom a bit too seriously.

Everything contracts. THWIP. Pure nothingness. PITCH BLACK.

*** THE COSMOS ***

*	The Milky Way	*	Dark Matter	*		
*	Supernovas	*	Wormholes	*	Asteroids	*
*	Saturn's Rings		*	Brown Dwarfs	*	

WHOOSH!

Warp speed back to Earth.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed...

Something is different. He feels spry. Does an air squat. No hip pain. Lunges several times. No hip pain. Huh?

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Flummoxed, Bo wanders in wearing a robe. Linda holds Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her free hand.

The bowl game on TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

LINDA

Happy New Year, Sleepyhead. Nice of
you to finally join the living.

BO

Isn't that the exact same Gator
Bowl as last year?

LINDA

All these games start to blur
together after a while.

BO

And why is Morgan smaller?

LINDA

You're acting weird. Did someone
slip some LSD into your seltzer?

BO

Maybe. It does kinda feel like I'm
stuck in the Twilight Zone.

Nicholas and Garrett race by. Squeezit bottles in hand.

BO

Did you get the paper yet?

LINDA

Still outside.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo unwraps the newspaper from the orange plastic. Checks the
date. What. The. Hell. It's January 1, 1991!

The news marinates. His enthusiasm grows... and overflows.

BO

YESSSSSSS! BO IS BACK, BABY!

An OVERACHIEVING NEIGHBOR takes down Christmas lights across
the street. He impolitely stares.

INT. CNN STUDIO SET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Larry and Bo sit opposite. Trademark digital map backdrop.

LARRY

You're the first pro athlete to
become an All-Star in two sports.
How'd you pull that off?

Bo ponders his answer, strikes a slightly more humble tone.

BO
Bo's been blessed. With abilities,
sure, but also with opportunities.

He points up to the sky to give the universe/God props.

EXT. RAIDERS PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

The QB hands off to Bo. Over by the sideline, Bo lowers his shoulder. POW. Trucks a linebacker to gain extra yards.

ART
Way to run, Jackson. That's Raider football. Go out there and knock some snot bubbles outta people.

Bo scurries back to the backfield. Art pats him on the tush.

INT. MEETING ROOM - RAIDERS TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

The running back coach leads a positional meeting. Bo is alert and engaged. Nods along as he digests info.

RUNNING BACK COACH
Red zulu bunch eighteen counter trap left. This play will be there.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - RAIDERS TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Bo squats 610 pounds seven times. Rat-a-tat-tat. Too easy.

Howie and Marcus's jaws hang agape.

MARCUS
Look at Quadzilla over there.

HOWIE
I'm telling you, his mother put Dianabol in his oatmeal.

I/E. DODGE VIPER - FREEWAY - DAY

Bo weaves through traffic. He's on his brick phone, speaking to his agent. Much more thoughtful this time.

BO
Tell the Royals Bo will be there for the start of spring training.

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

An ecstatic Richard can't believe his ears. He fist pumps.

RICHARD

Did aliens descend on earth and
abduct the real Bo? Because I don't
believe what I just heard.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

Will and Alfonso discuss blocking with the show's director.

Nearby, Bo studies his Raiders playbook during downtime.

EXT. RAIDERS PRACTICE FIELD - NIGHT

Bo sprints flights of stairs in the metal bleachers.
Floodlights guide the way. He pushes himself. Max effort.

INT. KITCHEN - RAIDERS TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

Whey powder, soy milk, spinach, banana and raw eggs tossed
into a blender. Bo guzzles his nutritious protein shake.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Four Pinewood Derby cars cross the finish line, bunched
together. But Garrett's car stalls on the straightaway.

Humiliated, Garrett hangs his head. Brad, Dickhead Dad and
many cub scouts are in stitches over his misfortune.

Linda struggles to watch. Her heart hurts.

PRE-LAP: The roars of a football stadium...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

NFL Playoffs. The Bengals visit the Raiders. Again.

The Raiders' QB pitches to Bo, who alters the play on a whim.
Spins hard. Reverses left to avoid the swarm on the right...

SNAP. Non-contact injury. The force ruptures Bo's Achilles.
He immediately collapses. Grasps his heel. ARGH!

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Feeling spry once
again. Tests his Achilles. As good as new. Huh!?

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

A bewildered Bo saunters in wearing his robe. Linda holds
Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her free hand.

The bowl game on TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

LINDA

Happy New Year, Sleepyhead. Nice of you to finally join the living.

BO

Michigan will win this game by thirty points. Bet you anything.

LINDA

You're acting weird. Did someone slip some LSD into your seltzer?

BO

Linda, this isn't a joke. I'm having déjà vu of déjà vu. My life is like a skipping record.

Nicholas and Garrett race by. Squeezit bottles in hand.

LINDA

Oh, honey. The stress is getting to you. Happens to the best of us.

BO

IT'S NOT STRESS!

LINDA

Ok, it's not stress.

Bo lets out a dejected huff.

LINDA

Just to be sure, let's have you talk to someone who isn't your wife. My colleague is quite good. And discrete.

On Bo: A kid eating vegetables.

YUPPIE SHRINK (PRE-LAP)

Paranoid delusions are a very serious matter.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A YUPPIE SHRINK scribbles on a doctor's script.

YUPPIE SHRINK

We cannot take this lightly. Here's a prescription. Please give the medication a chance. We'll check in next month.

BO
(under his breath)
If there is a next month.

Bo snatches the script out of her hand. The drug is Lithium

INT. SHOWROOM - CAR LOT - DAY

Bo and George sign autographs. They whisper. Attempt to have a very private conversation in a very public place.

BO
Just can't wrap my mind around it.

GEORGE
In the eighteen nineties, the Boston Beaneaters had this player named Marty Bergen. Best catcher in the game. A real defensive marvel. Putting it nicely, he had some issues. Marty needed help, but back then there wasn't much doctors could do. Things ended poorly.

BO
Lemme guess. Marty flamed out of the major leagues?

GEORGE
Ha. No. It's so much worse. He slit his own throat with a razor. Turned himself into a Pez Dispenser.

George goes way too far with the pantomime. The gruesome anecdote and visual makes a mother pull her son back.

BO
Cool out, George. You're making people uncomfortable.

GEORGE
Sorry, but I needed to make a point. Which is take the silly little pill. Don't become the next baseball horror story.

I/E. DODGE VIPER - CAR LOT - DAY

From the prescription bottle, Bo pops a pink Lithium pill. Washes it down with lemon-lime Gatorade.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

Fresh Prince of Bel-Air live taping. Will greets Bo with an overzealous handshake.

WILL
What's up, baby?

Bo winces, grabs his hand. Struggles to spit out his line.

BO
Watch... the handshake... man...

DIRECTOR
Cut! Something wrong, Bo?

BO
Bo has... cotton mouth.

A PA hands Bo a glass of water. Bo guzzles it.

Offstage, Alfonso practices what becomes the Carlton Dance.

PRE-LAP: The roars of a football stadium...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

NFL Playoffs. The Bengals visit the Raiders. Again again.

The QB throws a dump-off pass to Bo, who surrenders himself to avoid a collision. Steps out of bounds to safety...

THWACK! A dirty Bengals defender delivers a super late helmet-to-helmet hit. Concussed, Bo's lights go out...

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Makes haste...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo unwraps the newspaper from the orange plastic. Checks the date. Back at the start of 1991. Yet again. *What is going on?*

The overachieving neighbor pulls down his Christmas lights and impolitely stares.

I/E. DODGE VIPER - FREEWAY - DAY

Bo weaves through traffic. He's on his brick phone.

BO

What do you think? You're pretty
damn quiet over there.

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

On the other end of the call, Richard is alarmed. Very.

RICHARD

This is extremely worrisome. All
those blows to the head scrambled
your brain like an omelet.

BO (O.S.)

Thanks for putting it delicately.

RICHARD

I'm here to protect your wallet and
your wellbeing, not your feelings.

INT. CAT SCAN ROOM - CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Lying on a platform, Bo slides into the donut-shaped CAT scan
machine. BEEP. BLERG. Undergoes the imaging test.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

A CHUMMY NEUROLOGIST meets with Bo, who's quite uptight.

BO

So is Bo's brain cat food or what?

CHUMMY NEUROLOGIST

Nope. Your imaging was clean as a
whistle. My guess is that it's
stress related. If your wife wants
to help, maybe a few more squat
thrusts in the old cucumber patch.
That's how we relax at our house.

BO

Phew. Bo was really sweating this.

CHUMMY NEUROLOGIST

The only sweating you need to do is
on Sundays. Go Raiders! And also
with your wife.

Line crossed again. Bo struggles to keep a straight face.

NFL PLAYOFFS: BENGALS @ RAIDERS MONTAGE

- Handoff to Bo. Stays patient. Good vision. Gains 10 yards.
CRUNCH. A horse-collar tackle fractures his leg. Grotesque.

- Bo sits this game out. Shoulder pads off. Raiders cap on. Errant pass from the Bengals' QB. THUNK. Breaks Bo's nose.

- At the batting cages. Bo has explained his predicament. George's expression changes from dead serious to all smiles.

GEORGE

Time loop. Ha! You son of a gun.
Commitment to the bit. That's what
a great prank takes.

- Bo dives. Extends the ball over the pylon. Touchdown! He got away scot-free... Bengals dogpile on him. Crack his ribs.

LOOP TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Kicked back in his recliner, Bo watches *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* on the tube.

MOVIE FOOTAGE: TIME MACHINE PHONE BOOTH AT THE CIRCLE K

RUFUS, a futuristic dude with all the answers, dials a phone number. High school slackers BILL and TED enter the booth.

RUFUS

Brace yourself, amigos.

Ted slides the door shut. The antenna contraption generates orange shockwaves that power the vessel. Nervous, Ted gulps.

RUFUS

Gentlemen, we're history.

Rufus slips on his sunglasses. Effortlessly cool. The time machine disappears into the circuits of history.

BILL

Whoa!

TED

Whoa!

BACK TO SCENE

Bo leans forward in his chair, struck by an idea.

BO

Damn. Gotta find me a Rufus.

INT. LOCAL BOOKSTORE - DAY

A cardiganed BOOKSTORE OWNER leads Bo to the Science shelf. Locates a title. Presents it to Bo.

BOOKSTORE OWNER
 "Gravitation" by Caltech Professor
 Kip Thorne. It's unputdownable.
 He's just up the road in Pasadena.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CALTECH - DAY

KIP THORNE (50) dismisses his students at the end of class. His beard and hippie spirit are reminiscent of Rufus.

KIP
 Stay groovy and don't forget your reading assignment. Very important.

Bo teeters down the steps, pushes past a flock of students. Kip extends a hand. Bo grips it with his giant paw.

KIP
 Bo knows theoretical physics?

BO
 Bo wants to. Got a few minutes?

KIP
 For you, I've got a few hours. I'm a huge fan.

INT. KIP'S OFFICE - CALTECH - DAY

Bo just told his tale. Kip squints, smirks and scoffs. He bounds over to his chalkboard.

KIP
 That's some heavy, heavy stuff.
 Let's say you're telling the truth.
 Theoretically speaking, getting stuck in this temporal circuit was a matter of chance, so getting unstuck should be random too. Since your current direction is yielding undesired results...

Repeatedly draws a circle, then a line that branches off.

KIP
 Discontinue this approach and deploy different strategies until one breaks the cycle.

BO
 That's easy for you to say, but Bo was born to tote the rock. You're asking a lion to go vegetarian.

KIP

My dream was to be a dancer at the American Ballet Theatre.

Kip busts out the arabesque pose. Holy hell he's limber.

KIP

Sadly, my skill set was more Swan Nebula than Swan Lake. In life, we must move on from disappointments. Find new ways to thrive.

BO

You know what? Screw it. Bo is bigger than football anyway.

Kip scrawls a long series of Xs on the board...

KIP

Precisely. There are lots of other sports. My hypothesis is that within this wide range of outcomes, we'll stumble across an alternate quantum reality where you get to enjoy a long, illustrious career.

Finally, Kip breaks the cycle, emphatically logs a checkmark.

BO

Where should I start?

KIP

Trial and error is your friend. Go win a green jacket or a gold medal.

Bo steels his shoulders. Resolve in his eyes.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on RANDY JOHNSON. The Big Unit. Seattle's 6-foot-10 flamethrower stands on the mound. Mullet. Stache. Etcetera.

RANDY

Bo knows baseball.

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL - NIGHT

Bo, George, Linda and Richard huddle in a dark wooden booth. Even star athletes can blend in at famous Hollywood haunts.

BO

No use pussyfooting around, so here it is: I'm retiring from football to focus on baseball.

RICHARD
You play the Bengals THIS SUNDAY!

LINDA
Honey, this feels a little hasty.

RICHARD
No, this feels downright suicidal.
Al Davis will murder us both.

GEORGE
His cologne might. That scent
arrives ten minutes before he does.

BO
Al won't care. The Raiders have
Marcus. They don't even need me.

FLASH-FORWARD: OWNER'S OFFICE

Al fist-fights the air. Veins bulge from his neck. He howls
into a speakerphone.

AL
You think you can screw over the
Silver and Black? Prepare to meet
your maker, you dumb sonofabitches!

BACK TO SCENE

RICHARD
Gonna cost you some serious coin.

BO
Not really. Shortening my football
career keeps me healthier, prolongs
my baseball career.

LINDA
Solid point. Every time you strap
on that helmet, I'm worried sick.

RICHARD
George, talk some sense into this
loon. He's pissing away his legacy.

GEORGE
Would the Royals love to have you
full-time? Abso-freaking-lutely.
But I don't know, Bo-Bo. You're so
gifted out on that football field.

BO

Exactly why it's time to step away.
People respect my football résumé.
But out on that baseball diamond,
Bo still has his doubters.

RICHARD

Don't be rash. Sleep on it.

BO

My mind's made up. Football is a
grind. Turns your ass into silly
putty. But Baseball is breezy. You
chill and chew sunflower seeds.

RICHARD

You already spurned the NFL once.
Twice and you're persona non grata.

BO

It's the right choice for me and my
family. Making it to Cooperstown is
now the top priority.

GEORGE

Cool. Maybe they'll hang your
plaque right next to mine.

George grins. Linda beams, less worried. Richard frets, but
Bo ignores him. The energy is positive. This might work.

INT. CNN STUDIO SET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Larry and Bo sit opposite. Trademark digital map backdrop.

BO

Goodbye, LA. Hello, KC.

This level of bravado tickles even Larry.

PRE-LAP: A doorbell is pressed. DING DONG.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LEAWOOD, KANSAS - DAY

A 4,500 square foot home. The American dream personified. Out
comes a SUBURBAN DAD. The man is stupefied when he sees Bo.

SUBURBAN DAD

Bo Jackson? What can I do for you?

BO

My friend George lives right over
there. During the season, at least.
So Bo would like to buy your house.

SUBURBAN DAD

Appreciate the offer, but this is our dream house. We built the place completely from scratch. Our counter tops are imported from Spain. It's priceless. No amount of money will change our mind.

Undeterred, Bo stares a hole through him.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LEAWOOD, KS - DAY

Welp. There was a price after all. Brawny pro movers carry boxes and furniture into the home. Assisted by Bo.

Linda sways Morgan. Chatters with George and Leslie at the entrance. Garrett and Nicholas frolic in the front yard.

GEORGE

Can't believe Bo got him to sell.
That guy gushed about this place
like it was the Vatican.

LINDA

You know my Vincent.

GEORGE

His trademark stubbornness has
taken him far in life.

LINDA

He inherited that from his mother.

GEORGE

Huh. Interesting. What did he
inherit from his father?

LINDA

Hopefully, nothing.

Leslie pivots, tries to keep things light.

LESLIE

Think you guys will really love it
here. It's a great place to nest.

LINDA

Nest? I'll believe it when I see
it. Vincent always gets the itch.

GEORGE

Sounds like something I contracted
back during my college days. Before
I met my lovely Leslie.

Leslie and Linda roll their eyes. George being George.

BATBOY (PRE-LAP)
 Mister Jackson, Randy Johnson
 requests your autograph.

INT. HOME LOCKER ROOM - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

A sheepish Seattle Mariners BATBOY stands before Bo, who preps at his locker. The boy holds a baseball and pen.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Spring 1991"

BO
 Tell that goofy beanpole to kiss my
 ass. Both cheeks.

Ouch. The batboy tucks his tail and skedaddles.

Team troll KEVIN SEITZER chimes in.

SEITZER
 Mean to a little kid. No wonder
 you're everyone's hero.

BO
 Zip it, Seitzer. It's gamesmanship.
 But you wouldn't know anything
 about that.

PRE-LAP: "Charge Fanfare" plays. Da da da DUT da DUH! *Charge!*

EXT. ROYALS STADIUM - KANSAS CITY - DAY

Randy on the mound. Towering presence. Menacing glare.

Bo at the plate. Muscles bulging. Digs in his cleats.

Pitch one. Backdoor slider. The UMP signals strike.

Pitch two. Chin music. Almost decked BO. Ball one.

Pitch three. Absolute heater. But low. Ball two.

Pitch four. WHACK. Bo fouls it off. Strike two.

Pitch five. Outside. Ball three. FULL COUNT!

Pitch six. Randy really brings the gas...

KABOOM! Bo connects with a violent swing. The ball goes up... up... up some more... it might never come down...

SPLASH! The ball lands in the upper deck of the park's gorgeous fountain feature. A tape-measure home run.

Bo trots around the bases. Randy slams his glove to the dirt.

BATBOY (PRE-LAP)
Mister Jackson, they said you
wanted to see me?

INT. HOME LOCKER ROOM - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

The panic-stricken Mariners batboy resurfaces at Bo's locker.

BO
Listen, Bo is sorry about earlier.
Needed to get in Randy's head.

Bo hands the boy a signed bat and ball.

BO
The bat is for you. The ball is for
him. He'll get a kick out of it.

The ball reads: "Randy, You're the best pitcher alive. But Bo
is Bo. - Bo Jackson"

BO KNOWS BASEBALL MONTAGE:

SUPERIMPOSE: "Summer 1991"

- Bo catches a pop fly. Can't slow down. Runs up the outfield wall! 7 feet high. Parallel to the ground. Spider-Man style!
- On first base, Bo leads off. Steals... Safe! Dude can fly.
- Strike! Bo struck out. SNAP. He breaks the bat over his quad like a twig. A herculean feat and signature Bo moment.
- From left field, Bo collects and rocket-launches the ball. George snags it, tags a RUNNER out at first! Bo flexes.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Garrett's new but similar room. He plays Tecmo Bowl in the dark. Runs the ball with Bo. His digital dad zigs and zags.

Bo cracks the door. Surprised to see his son awake.

BO
Garrett, what are you doing? It's
time for bed. Turn that off, son.

GARRETT
Dad! You're finally home!

Garrett drops the controller mid-play, hugs his father.

EXT. BACK PATIO - THE JACKSONS' NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Chilly breeze. Chiminea fire. Linda, wrapped in her colorful serape, yanks a reluctant Bo outside.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Fall 1991"

BO

What are we doing? It's freezing.

LINDA

Humor me. I haven't seen you in weeks... Ta-da! The Big Dipper. Bigger and brighter than ever.

*

*

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*

LINDA

Remember when we used to stargaze together? So romantic.

BO

Nobody has time for that now. It's the nineties. We all have demanding jobs, demanding kids, demanding cable packages.

LINDA

Oh, Vincent. Don't be such a cynic.

BO

Let's keep it real. You can make a Big Dipper out of any set of stars. Everything is random out there.

LINDA

Couldn't disagree more. There's order. Meaning.

BO

Hope you're right.

LINDA

Hope is a car with no fuel. It
doesn't get you anywhere.

BO

Is this what downtime will be like
when the season is over? Never
really get any. Don't even remember
the last time I went hunting.

LINDA

Don't worry. Once the offseason
hits, you're on nonstop daddy duty.
Get ready for some nasty baby poop.

BO

Step aside, Big Dipper. It's time
for the Big Diaper.

LINDA

Stars are mostly gas.

Light chuckles. Bo struggles to be present. Drifts. Linda
peers out at the stars. As if she's wishing upon them.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

Pre-game warm-up. The home OAKLAND A'S and visiting Royals
practice. Batting. Fielding. Pitching. Bo and George stretch.

SUPERIMPOSE: "October 2, 1991"

A's outfielder JOSE CANSECO -- beefy heartthrob and recent
MVP -- is attention-seeking. Per usual. Gets mobbed by FANS.

GEORGE

Freaking Canseco, man. Guy thinks
he's bigger than Elvis.

BO

Guy thinks he's bigger than Bo.

Bo and George gawk at Jose. He sends back a cocky wave.

LATER

In the outfield, Bo fidgets with his glove.

Jose is at bat. Biceps nearly as big as Bo's.

The Royals pitcher flings a curveball. No juice.

Monster swing. BAM. Jose hits a dinger. It's gone!

WAIT! Bo skies over the fence. Snatches the ball with his glove. Robs Canseco! Bo lands weird. Hyperextends his knee.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Back at his LA condo. UGH! Not again. Out of frustration, Bo hurls a pillow.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LEAWOOD, KS - DAY

Brawny pro movers carry boxes and furniture into the home. Assisted by Bo. Who's grumpy. Scowl on his face.

Linda sways Morgan. Chatters with George and Leslie at the entrance. Garrett and Nicholas frolic in the front yard.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

Royals at A's. Bo at the plate. Looking to unload.

The A's relief pitcher slings a sinker. Weak sauce...

CRACK. Bo rips a line drive into left field. Rounds first base... second base... a living locomotive...

Jose gathers the ball. Cocks back. Throws to third base...

Bo goes turbo. POP. Pulls up lame. Hamstring tear. He's out!

LOOP TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo fetches the newspaper from their stoop. Doesn't need to check the date. He knows the drill by now.

The overachieving neighbor pulls down his Christmas lights and impolitely stares.

BO
What are you looking at? Huh!?

Scared stiff, the neighbor retreats inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

Fresh Prince of Bel-Air live taping. Will greets Bo with an overzealous handshake.

WILL
What's up, baby?

Bo doesn't wince in pain. Spaces out. Forgets his line.

DIRECTOR
CUT! Come back to earth, Bo.

EXT. BACK PATIO - THE JACKSONS' NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Chilly breeze. Chiminea fire. Linda, wrapped in her colorful serape, stargazes from a lounge chair.

Next to her, a napping Bo has a nightmare. Twitches. Moans.

LINDA
Vincent. Vincent. VINCENT!

Bo wakes with a start.

BO
Argh!

LINDA
Another nightmare?

BO
Uh-huh.

LINDA
We can discuss it if you like.

BO
Nah. Just a sports dream. All ballplayers have them.

LINDA
Run-of-the-mill "I lost my uniform?" stuff?

BO
Exactly.

Linda squints at him. Sixth sense triggered. *Something is up.*

INT. HOME LOCKER ROOM - ROYALS STADIUM - DAY

The sheepish Seattle Mariners batboy stands before Bo.

BO
Tell that goofy beanpole to kiss my ass. Both cheeks.

Ouch. The batboy tucks his tail and skedaddles.

Seitzer, the team troll, chimes in.

SEITZER

Mean to a little kid. No wonder
you're everyone's hero.

BO

Not today, Seitzer.

SEITZER

So sensitive. Guess you only play a
badass in the commercials.

On Bo: Go ahead. Make my day.

SEITZER

Nike propaganda. They do a really,
really good --

Bo lifts Seitzer off the ground Darth Vader style. Seitzer's
hat and face are the same shade of blue.

Manager HAL MCRAE cyclones in to stop the skirmish.

HAL

What's going on in here!? Knock it
off! Right the hell right now!

Teammates intervene. It takes half the roster to pull Bo off
Seitzer. He's that pissed. George calms Bo down.

GEORGE

I get it. The guy's annoying as
hell. But murder in the clubhouse
is generally discouraged.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

Royals at A's. In the outfield, Bo anticipates the action.

Jose wallops a pitch. WHACK. Pops it up high. Foul ball...

Bo sprints to the ball. Loses track of it in the blinding
bright lights... SMACK. It crushes his orbital bone. Jesus H!

LOOP TO:

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Linda holds Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her
free hand. The bowl game on TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

In running gear, Bo jets out the door before Linda can stop
him. She's confused by her husband's erratic behavior.

LINDA
What in the world?

PRE-LAP: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Excessively loud.

EXT. GEORGE'S CALI HOUSE - HERMOSA BEACH - DAY

Bo is at the front door. Ants in his pants. Leslie answers in a satin pajama set. Stunned by this unexpected visit.

LESLIE
Bo. Happy New Year.

BO
Happy New Year, Leslie. Please tell George to get his running gear on.
Secret team training session.

LESLIE
He's pretty hungover.

BO
This will help him sweat it out.

EXT. GETTY VIEW TRAIL - DAY

Fueled by rage, Bo races up the trail. He reaches its summit. Stares at the blinding sun. More menacing than ever.

BO
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKK
YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

Bo huffs and puffs. Glares at the massive ball of plasma. His gaze demands answers. None are given. He chuck's a rock at it.

Finally, George struggle-jogs his way to the top. BLEH BLEH. Projectile vomit sprays everywhere. He wipes his mouth clean.

GEORGE
Jesus. It's freaking hot for January. I might actually die.

George wipes his mouth with his sweat-soaked shirt.

GEORGE
Who are you yelling at?

BO
Nobody. I'm madder than a mosquito in a mannequin factory. And just needed to scream.

GEORGE

Why? I'm even more lost than usual.

BO

There's this secret that's eating me alive. My family knows something is up, but I don't want to burden them. So I'm coming to you.

GEORGE

Unless it's "I'm joining the Yankees," we'll remain best buds. Friends don't let friends wear pinstripes. Although they would make you look slimmer.

BO

My life is a purgatory. Punishment for something. Maybe I was too ungrateful. Or too arrogant.

GEORGE

Hey, if I could run, jump and throw like you, I'd be ten times more cocky. Twenty times even.

BO

George, I'm cursed. There's no way to win.

GEORGE

Sometimes winning is hanging around long enough to figure things out. When I was with the Billings Mustangs, I didn't get on base until my eighteenth at-bat.

BO

Where the heck is Billings?

GEORGE

Montana. Quite rustic. You'd love it up there. Anyway, my point is we all experience dry spells. Eventually you break through.

BO

This pitcher can't be hit.

GEORGE

All you can do is keep swinging.

PRE-LAP: The thunderous cacophony of punches.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Bo swings hard. Lands wicked combos on a punching bag. He's no amateur pugilist. The sport has consumed him.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on DON KING, he of the fork-in-a-power-socket hairdo. He extends a boxing contract and fountain pin.

DON

Bo knows boxing.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - THE MIRAGE - NIGHT

Bo is a fire-breathing dragon. He gets his hands taped by George. Bo's orange-and-blue robe pays homage to Auburn.

SUPERIMPOSE: "June 28, 1991"

George and a TRAINER both sport "Team Bo" polos.

GEORGE

One final piece of advice: back out while you can. When Hannibal Lecter invites you over for dinner, the smart move is to politely decline.

BO

Bo ain't scared.

GEORGE

No problem. I'm frightened enough for the both of us.

BO

Stop trippin'. He can't hurt me.

GEORGE

Get real. This guy will hurt you so bad your ancestors feel it.

BO

You better not throw in the towel.

GEORGE

Linda will kill me if I don't.

BO

Bo will kill you if you do.

GEORGE

Argh. Fine. But use your athleticism to stay outside.

(MORE)

Pick and chose your spots. Or
you'll get eaten alive with some
fava beans and a nice chianti.

BO
Bo came to fight, not dance.

A cold chill shoots down George's spine.

PRE-LAP: "Welcome to the Terrordome" by Public Enemy plays...

INT. THE MIRAGE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The arena is abuzz. A CAPACITY CROWD surrounds the boxing ring. STARS everywhere. It's practically the effing Oscars.

BRUCE WILLIS * ROBIN WILLIAMS * BARBARA STREISAND

* MC HAMMER * MADONNA *
YOUNG DENZEL * JACK NICHOLSON * CLINT EASTWOOD

Inside the ring, Bo shadowboxes. Stays warm. He wears orange-and-blue trunks. Another tribute to his alma mater.

An entourage emerges from backstage. Don King in a tux and some CORNERMEN. They form a circle, shroud somebody.

Black trunks. No robe necessary.

The signature front tooth gap.

A line shaved into his fade.

Muscles designed in a lab.

It's "IRON" MIKE TYSON!

The Baddest Man on the Planet swaggers to the ring with the scariest stare imaginable. Bobs along to Public Enemy.

GEORGE
Bo-Bo, come here.

Bo shuffles over to George. Speaks through a mouthguard.

BO
Yo. What's up?

GEORGE
Need to tell you something. I
invited your father to the fight.
He blew me off. Never even returned
my call. Sorry, bud. I tried.

Bo sees red. Guttural grunt. Slams his gloves together.

The trainer elbows George.

TRAINER
Is that true?

GEORGE
Yeah. But I knew he wouldn't come.

TRAINER
I don't understand.

GEORGE
Trying to keep my best friend from
getting killed. He needed a push.

Tyson slides into the squared circle. Stalks Bo. He talks bizarre smack with his trademark lisp.

TYSON
Thaw you on the Freth Printh,
cutie. It wath awethome. Thould've
minded your bismuth, but you pithed
me off. Now your fath will be too
hideouth for acting after thith.

Bo lunges at Tyson. George and the trainer restrain him.

INT. BOXING RING - THE MIRAGE - NIGHT

In the center of the ring, renowned ref MILLS LANE separates Bo and Tyson. Delivers a spiel with his distinctive voice.

MILLS
Remember what we talked about in
the locker room. Protect yourselves
at all times. OK? I expect a good,
clean, tough fight. Any questions?

Bo and Tyson lock into a staredown. No answers. Or blinks.

MILLS
Let's get it on!

Both boxers go to their corners. Their teams exit the ring.
DING! Mills signals for them to fight.

Too mad to heed George's advice, Bo charges like a wild boar.
(Note: Bo is short for "Boar Hog.") He swings at Tyson...

GEORGE
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

THE JACKSONS' CONDO

Linda and Richard scream at the big-screen TV.

LINDA
Nooooooooooooooo!

RICHARD
Nooooooooooooooo!

BACK TO SCENE

Tyson dodges, counters. KAPOW! His uppercut breaks Bo's jaw. Bo levitates, launched into orbit...

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Instinctively checks his jaw. It's no longer broken. Reset to mint condition.

QUICK FLASHES: Tyson annihilates Bo. Punch after punch. Knockout after knockout. The domination feels eternal.

LOOP TO:

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Dinner prep. Linda chops and peels vegetables. Bo pleads his case. An uphill battle without providing the full context.

BO
This is something I have to do.

LINDA
Taxes are something you have to do.
Getting your skull bashed in by the
most dangerous man alive is one-
hundred percent voluntary.

BO
It's worth it. Beating Tyson could
change everything.

LINDA
What if you can't beat him?

Linda grabs a tomato, shoves it in Bo's face for emphasis.

LINDA
Who takes care of you if he turns
you into one of these? Think about
your kids. Think about your wife.

BO

That's exactly what I'm doing. I'm
fighting for our future.

LINDA

No. You're risking our future.

SPLAT. Linda slams the tomato on the counter and storms off. Bo groans, throws his hands up. Beyond flustered.

PRE-LAP: "Mama Said Knock You Out" by LL Cool J plays...

INT. THE MIRAGE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Flanked by his entourage, Bo jogs to the ring as his walkout song booms. He's reached another level. Eye. Of. The. Tiger.

George is jacked to the tits.

GEORGE

Let's go, Bo-Bo! Shock the world.

Bo slithers into the ring, disrobes. Cavorts confidently.

BO

King Kong ain't got shit on me.

In the front row, Young Denzel hears this.

YOUNG DENZEL

Great line. Might have to steal it.

INT. BOXING RING - THE MIRAGE - NIGHT

DING. Mills signals for Bo and Tyson to fight.

At this point, Bo is intimately familiar with Tyson's fighting style. Dodges everything Iron Mike throws at him...

This choreography allows Bo to uncork a perfect hook. KRAK! A lucky shot that knocks down Tyson! Holy mother of god!

Nicholson celebrates maniacally. Is it the match or the coke?

THE JACKSONS' CONDO

Linda and Richard jump up and down like pogo sticks!

BACK TO SCENE

Mills hovers over a groggy Tyson, starts the count.

MILLS

1... 2... 3... 4...

Suddenly, Tyson gets a second wind. Bolts upright.

MILLS
5... 6... 7... 8...

Mills checks in with Tyson.

MILLS
You good?

TYSON
Yeth.

MILLS
Let's get it on.

The fight resumes.

Bo smells blood in the water, ambushes Tyson...

Iron Mike weathers the storm. DING. Round 1 is over. Tyson teeters to his corner. Might not know his own name.

LATER

Round 4. DING. Bo bobs and weaves. Floats like a butterfly. Tyson swings at air. Desperate to use the nuclear codes.

LATER

Round 8. DING. Bo ducks punches like he can see the future. Because he kinda can. Tyson grows more discombobulated.

LATER

Bo's corner. George squirts water into Bo's mouth.

GEORGE
One round left. He has to knock you out or you win on points. So don't get suckered into a slugfest.

Round 12. DING. Tyson still struggles to land clean shots.

Boos rain down. The crowd has grown bored with Bo's dancing. It pisses Bo off. He gets reckless. Starts launching bombs.

BIFF BONK BLAM! Jab. Cross. Body blow. Tyson eats Bo's punches like candy. BOOM. Tyson stuns Bo with an uppercut.

ZAM SOCK POW! Ferocious flurry from Tyson. Bo's legs wobble.

GEORGE
C'mon, Bo! 30 seconds left!

THE JACKSONS' CONDO

The fight is on TV. Down on her knees, Linda prays. Richard chews fingernails. Garrett secretly spies from the hallway.

BACK TO SCENE

Tick tick tick. The ringside clock: 10... 9... 8...

Bo evades Tyson's charge. But he's tired. Gets cornered...

BLADOW! A helluva shot from Tyson. Bo's mouthguard flies and he falls through the ropes and out of the ring! Unconscious.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Highly agitated. Cranes his neck back, fixes his gaze toward the heavens.

BO
Couldn't give me five more seconds?

Blows his nose. Shoots the Kleenex into a trash can. SWISH.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on CHARLES BARKLEY, the Round Mound of Rebound. He spins a basketball on his finger. Has a distinctive drawl.

BARKLEY
Bo knows basketball.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - THE JACKSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Garrett flips through *Fantastic Four* #347. Ghost Rider, Hulk, Spider-Man and Wolverine are the temporary members. Iconic.

KNOCK KNOCK. Bo creeps inside.

BO
Gotta catch a flight, son. Come
give your dad a hug.

Garrett discards his coveted comic book like it's the most boring read ever. Scampers to Bo and clings to him.

GARRETT
When will you be back?

BO
Not sure. I might be out east for awhile. So you be good for your mother. Alright?

Bo playfully gives Garrett a noogie. Garrett guffaws.

BARKLEY (PRE-LAP)
Hit me again.

INT. TRUMP TAJ MAHAL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

As tacky as the name suggests.

Casino floor. Blackjack table. The DEALER is sitting on 19.

Charles Barkley is the other player. His two cards total 12. The dealer hits Barkley. Queen of hearts. Another 10.

DEALER
Twenty-two. Bust.

Barkley loses all of his chips. A humongous pile.

BARKLEY
Man, nobody is this unlucky. Y'all some cheating fools.

Sloshed, he slams his cocktail and staggers to his feet. Grabs someone else's full drink. Slams that too.

Barkley turns around. Bo is standing right in front of him.

BO
Just like back in college, when you used to lose all your pizza money. You haven't changed a bit, Charles.

Barkley perks up. They bro-hug it out.

BARKLEY
Bo. How the hell did you find me?

BO
Where you go on your days off isn't exactly a secret.

BARKLEY
True.

BO
How much you lose? Four figures?

Barkley signals up with his thumb.

BO
Five figures?

Up.

BO
Six figures?

The smallest "yes" nod ever.

BO
Bo isn't here to shame you. Bo is
here for a favor.

BARKLEY
Hit me. But no more busts. Please.

BO
Get me a tryout with the Sixers.

Mischievous twinkle in Barkley's eyes.

PRE-LAP: "Sirius" by The Alan Parsons Project (aka the Bulls intro music) echoes. The oohs and aahs of a CROWD mix in...

INT. THE UNITED CENTER - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Bright lights cause a shaved head to glisten.

Aerodynamic shoe silhouette inspired by Porsche.

Black calf and elbow sleeves. White jersey. No. 23.

MICHAEL JORDAN. The basketball messiah. In the flesh.

A dialed-in MJ leads his CHICAGO BULLS to center court.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NBA Playoffs - May 4, 1991"

Partner in crime, SCOTTIE PIPPIN, bounces. Gets loose. From ptercaydtal arms to his distinctive nose, everything is long.

The PHILADELPHIA 76ERS prepare for war. Huge road underdogs. Bo now starts for them. He thinks, *what have I gotten into?*

Barkley gives Bo a pep talk.

BARKLEY
So you can't dribble and your shot
is turrible. Who cares? All we need
is a Jordan Stopper. You're peanut
butter and his ass is a saltine.

They chest bump.

BARKLEY

Oh. Never, ever, under any circumstance, talk trash to that man. He will go god damn crazy.

Both squads gather around the half-court circle for the opening tip. Jordan side-eyes Bo, maniacal smirk on his face.

JORDAN

New king at Nike, huh? Yeah, I heard the interviews.

GULP.

The REF blows his whistle. FWITT. Jump ball. The Bulls' center wins possession, tips the ball to Jordan.

All the other Bulls clear out for Jordan. He dribbles to the corner, isolates Bo. One on one. *Mano a mano*.

JORDAN

So you play a bunch of sports. Big deal. Jack of all trades...

Nasty crossover by MJ. Jordan blows by Bo along the baseline.

JORDAN

Master of none.

Jordan sticks his tongue out. BANG. SportsCenter-worthy dunk. Bo loses his balance, capsizes. High-ankle sprain.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Excitedly rubs his palms together. Relishes his biggest challenge yet.

QUICK FLASHES: Jordan schools Bo. Dunk after dunk. Jumper after jumper. The domination feels eternal.

LOOP TO:

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL - NIGHT

Bo, George, Linda and Richard huddle in a dark wooden booth. The bombshell news floors everybody, sets Linda off.

LINDA

You're not even good at basketball!

GEORGE

I've seen you shoot. You could've rebuilt the Berlin Wall with all those bricks.

RICHARD

Egomania run amok. You're guzzling that Nike hype like it's Gatorade.

BO

Guys! Trust me on this one. Bo is about to take the NBA by storm.

INT. 76ERS PRACTICE FACILITY - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

All teammates and staffers have gone home. Bo runs nonstop suicide drills. Relentless work ethic. Dry heaves at the end.

INT. THE UNITED CENTER - CHICAGO - NIGHT

2nd quarter. Bulls 47, 76ers 45. Back-and-forth game.

Bo's defense hounds Jordan. He ate his Wheaties this morning. Plus, he now knows his Airness like the back of his hand.

Finally, MJ manages to shake free. Calls for the ball. Pippin lobs an alley-oop pass at the basket...

Jordan soars and grabs the ball. Cocks back to jam...

SWAT. Bo saw it coming, blocks it out of bounds!

Jordan loses his chill. Bitches at Pippin.

JORDAN

C'mon, Scottie. My grandma could throw a better pass than that.

PIPPIN

Get off my ass. You're letting a football player lock you up.

Barkley claps, applauds Bo's defense.

BARKLEY

Way to go, Bo. That's why we brought you here.

PRE-LAP: Legendary jock jam "The Power" by SNAP! pulsates...

LATER

Bulls timeout. 93-93 game. 4th quarter. Only 28 seconds left. The capacity crowd grooves to the tunes. Electric atmosphere.

76ers huddle. Barkley, the team captain, rallies the troops.

BARKLEY

One more stop, fellas. Dig deep.
Show me some testicular fortitude.
Bo, get under Jordan's skin. Throw
him off his game.

Ding! Inspiration strikes.

BO

Bo's gonna talk trash.

BARKLEY

You done lost your damn mind.
Nobody talks trash to Mike.

BO

Exactly. He won't see it coming. I
just need some good ammunition.

BARKLEY

Fine, you crazy bastard. Call him a
cheapskate. He knows it's true.

FWITT. The ref blows the whistle. Pippin inbounds to Jordan.
Bo is on him like a mad dog. With rabies. The clock starts.

BO

Yo, Mike. You're so cheap, you eat
cereal with a fork to save milk.

Jordan arches a brow. *Is this MF nuts?* Dribble dribble
dribble. Tick tick tick.

BO

You're so cheap, your TV only has
two channels -- on and off.

It's working. Jordan becomes distracted. 12 seconds left.

BO

You're so cheap, you think a
quarterback is a refund.

He's in Jordan's head. Bo pounces on the opportunity,
anticipates the dribble and pokes away the ball...

Bo chases down the basketball. No way anybody catches him...

BOOYAH! A thunder dunk beats the buzzer. 76ers win 97-95!

KSSSH! The backboard shatters. Shards of glass rain down. Bo rips the rim off. Falls on his behind. Breaks his tailbone.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He does not roll out of bed. He smothers his face with a pillow and screams into the void.

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Linda holds Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her free hand. The bowl game on TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

Bo stumbles out. A mess. No hiding it either.

LINDA

Happy New Year, Sleepyhead. Nice of you to finally join the living.

No reaction from Bo. Too distraught.

LINDA

You good?

BO

I'm gonna bounce for a bit.

LINDA

Now?

BO

Right now.

LINDA

You're acting weird. Did someone slip some LSD into your seltzer?

Nicholas and Garrett race by. Squeezit bottles in hand.

LINDA

Seriously, though, if you want to talk, my door's always open.

BO

Just need to blow off some steam.

Bo retreats out the front door.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on MARIO ANDRETTI. The famed driver leans on his Indy Car. Poofy hair with silver wings and a nice tan.

MARIO
(slight Italian accent)
Bo knows racing.

PRE-LAP: "Losing My Religion" by R.E.M. is on the stereo...

I/E. DODGE VIPER - COACHELLA VALLEY HIGHWAY - DAY

Desert. Sparse flora and fauna. Joshua trees twist and turn. Bighorn sheep graze. Bo speeds on a mostly vacant stretch.

The song has him ready to end it all.

Bo lets go of the steering wheel...

Drifts toward oncoming vehicles...

Hyperventilates. Ready to die...

A semi-truck lies dead ahead...

The 18-wheeler's horn honks...

Bo swerves at the last sec.

Narrowly avoids crashing!

Back in his lane, Bo wipes tears from his cheeks. Guns it. Pedal to the metal. Hurtles down the open road.

PRE-LAP: The roar of one engine becomes a chorus of many.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY - DAY

VROOM. A rumbling throng of race cars. Roughly a dozen packed together. DRIVERS jockey for the lead. Cutthroat city.

THE TRACK

One of the vehicles is a neon Nike "Just Do It" car. A helmet peers out. Underneath the visor is Bo! Eyebrows scrunched.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Indianapolis 500 - May 26, 1991"

THE PIT

Bo's PIT CREW operates. The crew chief, George, is on a headset. The rest of the members are actually qualified.

GEORGE
Talk to me, Bo-Bo. Looks like a
real shit soufflé up there.

INTERCUT BO, GEORGE + EVERYTHING ELSE

The blue Panasonic car maneuvers to stay in front of Bo.

BO

This dude in front of me is driving
scared. Gonna bump and run.

GEORGE

Sure that's wise?

BO

Been around cars my whole life.

GEORGE

Not ones as fast as these.

BO

A car is a car.

GEORGE

You promised you'd listen for once.

BO

Bo listened. Now he's acting.

CLANK. Bo intentionally bumps the car ahead of him.

The Panasonic car's back tires lose traction. The DRIVER is left with no choice but to slow down. Correct his steering.

BO

See ya.

Bo's Nike car slingshots past the Panasonic car. SCREEEEECH. So aggressively Bo accidentally rubs the wall.

GEORGE

God, that sound. You're kissing the
wall, man. Get it under control.

THE STANDS

In a sea of SPECTATORS, Linda grabs Richard's arm. Garrett and Nicholas are too young to know they should be nervous.

LINDA

Can't take much more of this.

RICHARD

Don't worry. George is in his ear.

LINDA

The unreasonable voice of reason.

RICHARD
Fair point.

LINDA
Why didn't we stop him from racing?

RICHARD
You'd have better luck trying to
stop a category five hurricane.

Bo recovers, passes another car. George tries to rein Bo in.

GEORGE
This is getting pretty damn
dangerous for your first race.

BO
It's not my first race. It's my
first race you know about.

GEORGE
What?

BO
Nevermind. It's too hard to
explain. Especially to your little
bird brain.

GEORGE
You're impossible sometimes, you
know that? Poor Linda.

BO
Yeah, my poor wife. Now shut up and
tell me who's ahead of me.

GEORGE
Mears, Unser and three Andrettis.

BO
Which Andrettis?

GEORGE
Hell, I can't tell them apart.

BO
Mario is the dad, Jeff and Michael
are the sons, and John is a cousin.

GEORGE
Thanks for the family tree. Now
please focus on not dying.

In front of Bo's Nike car, Mario and MICHAEL ANDRETTI drive white Havoline vehicles numbered "1" and "2."

BO

Gonna wedge between those two cars
and pass them both.

GEORGE

Slow down, bucko. That's an
Andretti sandwich waiting to
happen. You'd be the roast beef.

BO

Sick of these guys thinking they
can bully me.

GEORGE

Hey, I love a big risk. Just not at
two-hundred miles per hour.

BO

That's why Bo's behind the steering
wheel and you're wearing a headset.

Once Bo clears the turn he punches it. WHIRR. His tachometer
nears 10,000 RPMs. Close to redlining.

Mario and Michael share a knowing glance. On the same page.

Bo's Nike car tries to shoot through the gap...

MARIO

Nobody pushes around the Andretti
family. *Nobody*.

CRUNCH. The Havoline cars sandwich Bo. His Nike vehicle spins
and skids. Loses control...

On Richard: Sheer panic.

On George: Sheer panic.

On Linda: Sheer panic.

Bo braces for impact.

Eyes are hubcap-sized.

His car nails the wall!

POOF. Bursts into flames.

PITCH BLACK. Pure Nothingness.

Bo's consciousness ricochets around **THE COSMOS...**

WHOOSH! Warp speed back to Earth.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. Even DEATH isn't a way out! He rolls out of bed. Checks to ensure his entire body is intact. It is.

INT. CNN STUDIO SET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Larry and Bo sit opposite. Trademark digital map backdrop.

LARRY

You can't actually surf, can you?
Be honest.

Bo sobs. Ugly cries.

BO

No, Larry. It's time to come clean.
Nike's marketing is a bunch of
lies. Bo is a fake. A fraud. A
Milli Vanilli! ... That's why Bo
has decided to retire from sports.

LARRY

Wow. And you're sure about this?

BO

My decision is final.

LARRY

You heard it here first, folks. Bo
Jackson is an athlete no more. A
bombshell announcement. What's
next, Blockbuster Video going out
of business?

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on celebrity chef JULIA CHILD, who whips up a six-course masterpiece in her lavish studio kitchen.

JULIA

Bo knows food?

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Four Pinewood Derby cars cross the finish line, bunched together. But Garrett's car stalls on the straightaway.

Humiliated, Garrett hangs his head. Brad, Dickhead Dad and many cub scouts are in stitches over his misfortune.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

A plumper Bo slouches on the couch. Not watching TV. Or reading. Or chatting on the phone. He literally does *nothing*.

Linda whizzes by. Hits reverse upon observing Bo's sloth.

LINDA

This break you're taking sure is dragging along for something that's supposed to be temporary.

BO

Thich Nhat Hanh says a lazy day is hard work. If you're content doing nothing, that means you're strong.

LINDA

Buddhism? Really? The Vincent I know wouldn't pick up a philosophy book if there was a winning lottery ticket inside.

BO

People change. Have to say, enlightenment is pretty dope.

LINDA

When you said you'd be spending more time at home, this isn't what I envisioned.

BO

I'm doing exactly what I need to be doing. You'll understand someday.

LINDA

What's happening to you? Who is this person?

BO

Same old Bo.

LINDA

While you're sitting around being a bum, think back to your childhood. Then ask yourself if you want to break the cycle or keep it going.

That woke Bo up. Linda scamps before things get too intense.

EXT. BACKYARD - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

An even plumper Bo snoozes in a hammock.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Summer 1991"

Garrett and Nicholas play with a Nerf football.

On the deck, George works the grill. Burgers and brats. Linda crams for her certification. Leslie helps by holding Morgan.

LINDA

Appreciate you guys helping us out.

LESLIE

We love the Jacksons. You ask,
we're here.

GEORGE

It is a little weird manning Bo's
grill, though. Feels like I'm
breaking some sacred dude bylaw.
Maybe I should wake him up.

LINDA

Don't bother. Vincent is on another
planet these days.

NICHOLAS

Dad, think fast.

BLAM! Nicholas drills a groggy Bo with the Nerf ball.

LESLIE

Right on cue.

GEORGE

Is it strange that Superman hung up
his cape for whatever this is? Heck
yeah. But I'm sure he has his
reasons. Give him time.

LINDA

At this point, I wish he'd put the
cape back on. For all our sakes.

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSON'S CONDO - DAY

An even more rotund Bo ransacks the pantry. Pulls out bags of
BBQ, Cool Ranch, Nacho, Salsa Verde and Sour Cream Doritos.

Mixes them all into a colossal bowl. He plops down to eat.
Nom nom nom. Demolishes every chip.

Bo dials a number on the phone. Richard answers.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Hello?

BO

Sup, Richard. Got an idea for you.

RICHARD (O.S.)

You've been training to become a sumo wrestler?

BO

Hysterical. But if people are gonna turn my waistline into a punchline, we might as well get rich off it.

DORITOS COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE

Bo lounges in a typical living room. Channel surfs. He has blown up like a balloon. Weighs around 300 pounds.

BO

Dang, I'm starving. Time for some Doritos. But what flavor?

Now by the pantry, Bo removes a comically big bag of Doritos. The flavor is "Bo Jackson Everything Doritos."

BO

As an athlete, Bo did everything. That's why Doritos made a special Bo Jackson Everything flavor. You no longer have to chose just one.

Bo pulls two different flavors out of the bag and simultaneously bites them both. Really hams it up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Something like *Home Alone* or *Christmas Vacation* is on. Little Kevin terrorizing robbers. Or Clark's family terrorizing him.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Christmastime 1991"

Bo steals a gumdrop from their homemade Gingerbread House. Eats it. Stale, but who cares. He laughs so hard he chokes.

Beats his chest to dislodge the candy. No luck. His eyes bulge. One last gasp for oxygen. Completely passes out.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Back to his normal weight. Vacant stare. Melancholy mood.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo builds arrows. Gets lost in it. Linda knocks on the door, sidles inside. Waits a moment before speaking.

LINDA

You don't have to talk to me. You don't have to talk to a shrink. But you have to talk to someone. Sort this out. Your kids need you.

She slips away as quietly as she entered. Bo finally stops building arrows. Mulls the suggestion over.

PRE-LAP: The seminal tearjerker "It's So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday" by Boyz II Men plays in Bo's Sony Discman...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - BESSEMER, AL - DAY

Wearing a suit and tie under an overcoat, Bo visits a burial site. He squats, lays down a flower bouquet.

The tombstone: "Florence Bond, Dedicated Mother of 10"

BO

Mom, I know exactly what you'd say. Toughen the hell up. You'd remind me that you had to be the mom and the dad. That you had a day job and a night job. That you raised ten of us in a shack. That you gave me a PhD in butt whippings so I could rise to the occasion. Like you did. But what if I can't?

RUMBLE. Thunder roars.

Lightning strikes. CRACK!

A large tree branch falls. THUD. Smacks the ground. Eerie. It spooks Bo. He examines the aftermath. Keeps going anyway.

BO

You were our backbone. The strongest person I've ever known. The way you battled cancer. You never even complained. I don't think I could do that. Maybe I'm not tough enough. Maybe there's too much of him in me.

RUSH. A torrential downpour. Bo literally lets things soak in. Spends time with his mom's grave. The rain subsides.

Lost in his thoughts, Bo ambles off. Distracted, he slips on some mud. THUMP. Bonks his head on a granite grave marker.

LOOP TO:

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo struggles to make a pancake. Linda holds Morgan, observes. The final product is unfit for consumption. Burned. Deformed.

LINDA

Hmm. Lemme guess. Alaska after a forest fire.

BO

Was supposed to be a circle.

She takes the spatula from Bo, hands him Morgan.

LINDA

Batter up.

BO

Woof.

LINDA

Hey, if you cook now, I get to do bad dad jokes.

Linda whips up a fresh batch of batter.

LINDA

Cooking pancakes is like hitting a baseball. It's all about patience and technique. Let me school you right quick.

INT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Bo and George swig beverages and swing bats. Teetotaler Bo enjoys a New York Seltzer. George downs a Bud Dry.

The bowl game on the patio area TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

GEORGE

This is nuts. If you were stuck in a loop -- and clearly you're not -- you'd know everything that happens.

BO

I do. Bet you Michigan wins this game by thirty.

George ponders this proposition. Tempted.

LATER

The final score flashes onscreen: "Michigan 36, Ole Miss 3."

A shocked George drowns his sorrow in beer. Bo carefully chews his hot dog to avoid choking again.

GEORGE
Still don't believe you.

Bo checks the time on his watch. Focuses.

BO
A horn honks.

HONK. A SOCCER MOM in a station wagon sounds her horn.

BO
Four kids run to their ride.

Four YOUNG ATHLETES collect their things, enter the wagon.

BO
Drunk buffoon gets hit by a pitch.
Right in the babymaker.

Some DRUNK BUFFOON dances for buddies, takes his eye off the pitching machine. KERPLUNK. Beaned below the belt.

BO
Order forty three. Bloody Mary and
grilled cheese.

The COOK working the facility's grill barks out an order.

COOK
Order forty three. Bloody Mary and
grilled cheese.

GEORGE	BO
OK, I've seen enough. Knock	OK, I've seen enough. Knock
that off. I mean it!	that off. I mean it!

Pleased by his performance, Bo bows. George is awestruck.

GEORGE
How long did it take you to figure
this out?

BO
A couple decades. At least.

GEORGE

And I thought our press conferences
got repetitive.

BO

If you were stuck living the same
year over and over again, what
would you do? Jesus. I sound like
my high school guidance counselor.

GEORGE

Doesn't sound so bad. I could fix
all the dumbass things I've done.

BO

Except you can't. What I do now
doesn't matter, because my family
won't remember it. So I'm trying to
get to the future without losing
who I am. It's breaking my brain.

GEORGE

I got it! Find a kooky professor
with a DeLorean. And if you
accidentally time-travel backwards,
make sure your parents bang.

On Bo: Facepalm.

On George: What?

BO

There actually is a professor. But
he doesn't have a magic time
machine or anything like that.

GEORGE

I'm only good for moral support and
dick jokes. For deep thinking, see
a deep thinker.

INT. KIP'S OFFICE - CALTECH - DAY

At the chalkboard, Kip crosses out sports Bo has attempted:

Football Baseball Boxing Basketball Car Racing ~~Nothing~~

KIP

Retiring didn't work. That's
awesome news. Now keep trying other
sports until you find the right
anomaly. The ball is in your court.
Field. Rink. Whatever.

Kip tosses the chalk to a pensive Bo.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on HULK HOGAN. He sits on top of Kentucky Derby-winning horse STRIKE THE GOLD for some damn reason.

HULK

Bo knows everything, brother.

Strike the Gold neighs in agreement.

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL - NIGHT

Bo, George, Linda and Richard huddle in a dark wooden booth. "November Rain" by Guns N' Roses plays. It was ubiquitous.

Linda detonates.

LINDA

Tennis? TENNIS!?

INT. USTA NATIONAL TENNIS CENTER - NYC - DAY

US Open Men's Singles. First round. Bo preps his serve. The RAPT AUDIENCE anticipates sports history. Tension is thick.

Denim shorts with biker shorts underneath.

Flamboyant dangling earring in his left ear.

Rocker mullet (actually a wig) with a headband.

Neon polo. It resembles mom's old aerobics outfit.

The opponent: ANDRE AGASSI. Just old enough to drink.

Here. We. Go.

FLOOSH. Bo serves a heat-seeking missile at Agassi. Too fast. Ace! 15-love. The radar gun reads: 155 miles per hour.

Bo blenches and holds his shoulder. He tore a rotator cuff.

LOOP TO:

EXT. AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES - PARIS - DAY

Tour de France. Last stage. Finish line in sight. Bo keeps pace with the CYCLIST PACK. Legs spinning like a windmill.

Here comes Uzbekistan's DJAMOLIDINE ABDOUJAPAROV. Homicidal sprinting style. Weaponized elbows and wild zigzagging.

"The Tashkent Terror" loses control. WHAM. Collides with the barrier and nosedives. That definitely hurt.

Bo's wheel clips Abdoujaparov's bike. Which catapults him into the air. High enough to rack up frequent flyer miles...

OOF. A nasty spill breaks both collarbones.

LOOP TO:

INT. OMAHA CIVIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Saturday Night's Main Event. 20 WWF PRO WRESTLERS are in the ring for a Battle Royal. Only one will be left standing.

Bo is a house on fire. Eliminates wrestlers right and left.

Dropkicks JAKE THE SNAKE out of the ring...

Clotheslines MR. PERFECT over the top rope...

Tosses BRITISH BULLDOG onto the concrete floor.

Bo does the Heisman Trophy pose. Swings an imaginary baseball bat. Gigantic pop from FRENZIED FANS.

Hulk Hogan body slams 7-foot-4, 520-pound ANDRÉ THE GIANT. PLOPPP. Hulk points at Bo. Challenges him to repeat the feat.

Challenge accepted. Bo lifts the Giant off the ground...

NOPE! André falls on top of him. SPLAT. Broken back.

LOOP TO:

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL - NIGHT

Bo, George, Linda and Richard huddle in a dark wooden booth. "November Rain" by Guns N' Roses is still in the background.

LINDA
SOCCER!?

THE NEXT LOOP

LINDA
THE KENTUCKY DERBY!?

THE LOOP AFTER THAT

LINDA
COMPETITIVE HOT DOG EATING!?!?

Frustrated, she slugs Bo's shoulder. Ow. Titanium indeed.

"November Rain" keeps going. The song NEVER stops. Slash's guitar solo, 1991's most epic moment, segues into...

BO KNOWS EVERY SPORT EVER MONTAGE:

Clips rapidly split into multiple screens, fill the frame:

- Bo gets hurt playing hockey. - Bo gets hurt rowing crew.
- Bo gets hurt surfing waves. - Bo gets hurt arm wrestling.
- Bo gets hurt bodybuilding. - Bo gets hurt on a skateboard.
- Bo gets hurt at a karate tourney. - Bo gets hurt throwing horseshoes.
- Bo gets hurt during American Gladiators. - Bo gets hurt playing golf.
- Bo gets hurt on a pommel horse. - Bo gets hurt at the Kentucky Derby.
- Bo gets hurt frisbee golfing. - Bo gets hurt fencing. - Bo gets hurt sumo wrestling.
- Bo gets hurt at the World Cup. - Bo gets hurt fighting judo. - Bo gets hurt sailing.
- Bo gets hurt on a luge course. - Bo gets hurt hurdling. - Bo gets hurt kite-surfing.
- Bo gets hurt olympic lifting. - Bo gets hurt at a hot dog eating contest. - Bo gets hurt dog-sled racing.
- Bo gets hurt ski jumping. - Bo gets hurt diving. - Bo gets hurt bowling. - Bo gets hurt during ping-pong.
- Bo gets hurt swimming. - Bo gets hurt breakdancing. - Bo gets hurt bobsledding. - Bo gets hurt kayaking.
- Bo gets hurt playing polo. - Bo gets hurt trampolining. - Bo gets hurt hang-gliding. - Bo gets hurt pole-vaulting. - Bo gets hurt playing billiards. - Bo gets hurt wakeboarding. - Bo gets hurt rock-climbing.
- Bo gets hurt mountain biking. - Bo gets hurt kickboxing. - Bo gets hurt during cricket. - Bo gets hurt tumbling. - Bo gets hurt doing jiu-jitsu. - Bo gets hurt drag-boat racing. - Bo gets hurt speed skating.
- Bo gets hurt during motocross. - Bo gets hurt at a 10K run. - Bo gets hurt roping. - Bo gets hurt cross-country skiing. - Bo gets hurt skeet shooting. - Bo gets hurt fly fishing. - Bo gets hurt bull-riding.

The screens combine to form a mosaic photo of Bo in pain...



LOOP TO:

INT. KIP'S OFFICE - CALTECH - DAY

At the chalkboard, Kip finishes crossing out the different sports Bo attempted. Poor bastard probably has Carpal tunnel.

KIP

We've exhausted all of our options.
It might be time to explore other
variables. Look beyond sports.

BO

Nah. We can't just give up, man.

KIP

Sumo wrestling in Japan. Alpine
Skiing in Austria. You literally
tried *everything*. Nothing worked.

BO

Thanks for your help but Bo ain't
done yet. Not going out like this.

Furious, Bo stomps out of the office. Unable to face reality.

INT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Bo and George swig beverages and swing bats. Teetotaler Bo enjoys a New York Seltzer. George downs a Bud Dry.

GEORGE

This isn't the first time you've
convinced me, is it?

On Bo: Nope.

GEORGE

How long has this been going on?

BO

A century. Give or take. Lost count
a long time ago.

GEORGE

You're obviously some sort of god.
Mere mortals aren't built like you.

BO

Gods aren't this unlucky. If I'm a
god, I'm the Cleveland Browns of
gods.

GEORGE

Did you try to find a kooky
professor with a DeLorean yet?

BO

You always say something like that.

GEORGE

Just want you to find someone who
has all the answers.

BO

He didn't have all the answers
because there aren't any.

GEORGE

Wish I had some for ya.

BO

My life is like the god damn
Simpsons. The kids never grow up.
I'm the oldest man alive and I've
never heard our daughter speak.

GEORGE

That blows. Really sorry, Bo-Bo.

BO

Maybe I'll just stick with baseball
for the rest of eternity. My mom
spent her life cleaning toilets.
Hard to complain about playing a
kid's game. Ya know?

GEORGE

Plus, this will keep my geriatric
ass from retiring. Another perk.

PRE-LAP: A doorbell is pressed. DING DONG.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LEAWOOD, KANSAS - DAY

A 4,500 square foot home. The American dream personified. Out comes a suburban dad. The man is stupefied when he sees Bo.

Bo hands the suburban dad a check. The amount is so large the man almost faints. Nary a word is said.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - THE JACKSON'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

Bo gently rocks Morgan. Uses his "baby voice."

BO

Know what I want more than anything
in the world? To hear you talk.

Morgan smiles at him. Grabs his finger with her tiny palm.

BO

Seems like you want that too. We
shouldn't get our hopes up.

BO KNOWS PANCAKES MONTAGE

- Bo's fluffy, symmetrical pancake travels from pan to plate.
- He graduates to Mickey Mouse pancakes. Linda notices.
- Bo uses squirt bottles with different batter colors. Looks at a superhero in a comic book. Draws him as a pancake.
- The Jackson family chows down on Bo's superhero flapjacks. Garrett and Nicholas think it's the coolest.

INT. PRIVATE JUMBO JET - NIGHT

The Royals travel. First road trip of the season. Bo opens a wrapped gift box to reveal...

Drawings from the boys: Garrett drew Bo as Batman, or "Bo Man," and Nicholas drew a portrait of their family.

A note: "Fans love you because you're Bo. We love you because you're Vincent. - Love, Linda, Garrett, Nicolas & Morgan"

CD single: Sinéad O'Connor's "Nothing Compares 2 U." Bo plays it in his Discman. Admires both the beauty and message.

BO KNOWS BASEBALL MONTAGE PART II:

- With a black magic marker, Bo turns the Swooshes on his Nike cleats into infinity symbols.
- Bo catches a pop fly. Can't slow down. Runs up the outfield wall! 7 feet high. Parallel to the ground. Spider-Man style!
- Randy pitches. Bo knocks it out of the park. Hams it up while rounding the bases. Having some fun. Randy is not.
- Laser-beam throw from Bo in the outfield. George makes the tag at first. Out! Bo blows smoke off an imaginary pistol.

INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

Locker cubicles. Bo and George suit up for a road game.

BO

You won't remember anything after
tonight. Gonna have to convince you
all over again. It gets old.

GEORGE

Been thinking about how to get you out of this mess. It finally struck me. The universe won't let you self-terminate. So we find some molten lava and I lower you down into it.

BO

This is real life, not some stupid Schwarzenegger movie.

GEORGE

OK. Fine. What if I... drive us off the Grand Canyon! We go out in a blaze of glory and the universe respects it. Sayonara, time loop.

BO

Dude. Can you be serious for once?

GEORGE

I'm brainstorming. We have to get your future back.

BO

I told you. Bo has no future.

GEORGE

Bullshit. Fight for your family.

Seitzer eavesdrops as he passes by.

SEITZER

Easy there, Georgie Boy. What's got you so hot and bothered? Menopause?

GEORGE

Scram, Seitzer.

SEITZER

Aw. Bo's sugar daddy is upset.

Bo has zero tolerance for his shenanigans. Tackles Seitzer. They tussle. Bo pins him down. George tries/fails to referee.

Hal notices the ruckus. Bursts in like the Kool-Aid Man.

HAL

GODDAMMIT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A TEAM!

The manager flipping out causes Bo and Seitzer to freeze.

HAL

I'm done. D-O-N-E. You're both benched for the rest of the season.

SEITZER

But that's four games.

HAL

I'm well aware of how many games this sorry-ass non-playoff team has left. Thank you very much.

Hal hurricanes back to his office. Slams the door.

George helps Bo to his feet. Bo brushes himself off.

GEORGE

What happens if you're not allowed to play?

BO

No clue. Can't be any worse than what I've already been through.

PRE-LAP: Crazy airplane turbulence. Passengers panicking.

INT. PRIVATE JUMBO JET - DAY

An engine has been lost. The team plane is going down.

Royals players and STAFFERS are terrified. Luggage pinballs around. SLAM SMASH CRASH. Seatbelts are pushed to the brink.

In the cockpit, stoic PILOTS fight to slow down the descent.

CAPTAIN

This is your captain. Uh, gonna be real honest here. We lost an engine and, um, things don't look good. If you believe in god start praying.

PITCHER

I need to see my wife!

CATCHER

I need to see my kids!

SEITZER

I need to see my poodle!

On his Discman, Bo is listening to the CD his wife gave him. "Nothing Compares 2 U" by Sinéad O'Connor.

He re-reads the card from his wife: "Fans love you because you're Bo. We love you because you're Vincent."

Bo studies the faces of teammates. Tough guys melt. Agonize over never going home again. Never seeing their families.

He removes his headphones. Time for action. In the seat next to Bo, George is freaking the eff out.

GEORGE

Oh God! If we die before you reset,
are we like permanently toast?

BO

How should I know? They don't hand
out official time-loop handbooks.

GEORGE

There has to be something we can
do. Think!

BO

Bo is gonna jump. Removing myself
from the equation is the only way.

GEORGE

Then what are you waiting for?

BO

I'm waiting for you to stop
squeezing my hand.

George checks. Yep, he's squeezing the bejesus out of Bo's hand. He reluctantly loosens his grip.

Bo dodges debris, battles his way to the jet's exit door.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT is confused. Both by Bo's actions and his monk-like zen. Already panicked, she lashes out.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

BO

Jumping.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Without a parachute!?

Bo's rogue mentality irks Seitzer, who's seated nearby.

SEITZER

Let me handle this, lady.

Seitzer rises, nudges the flight attendant out of his way.

SEITZER

Sit your ass down, Jackson. We're a
team. That means we survive
together or we die together.

BO

Step off, Seitzer. If you don't, we're all bugs on a windshield.

SEITZER

No! Right is right, you prick.

BAP! George coldcocks Seitzer from out of nowhere. Drops his ass. Seitzer lies unconscious. Limbs sprawled out.

BO

Dayum! Thought you were against teammate-on-teammate violence.

GEORGE

This isn't the clubhouse. Now go!

BO

Ma'am. You need to help me unlock this emergency exit.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

No way! You'll endanger everybody!

BO

Look around. Pretty sure we're already endangered.

Enough! Bo rips the emergency door off with his bare hands. Only Bo Jackson. Wind swirls. Bo and George have to shout.

GEORGE

If I don't see you again, I just want to say, I love you, man.

BO

Back atcha.

Big exhale. Bo swan dives out of the jet, into the sky below.

All of a sudden, the faulty engine regains power. The pilots steady the aircraft. It rises and the turbulence subsides.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

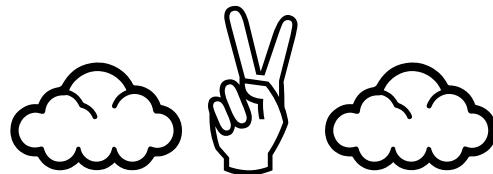
Thanks to everybody who prayed, because it worked. We're gonna make it. WE'RE GONNA LIVE!

A celebration erupts. The passengers go bananas. Seitzer is still KO'd. George gets misty eyed thinking about his pal.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY

Bo glides through the air. Finds tranquility as he floats among clouds. In sync with the sky he's seen as a foe.

Getting dizzy. Vision fuzzy. Spots an oddly shaped cloud. It grows clearer. The shape comes into focus:



A hallucination? A message? Does it matter?

Bo contemplates its meaning as he goes into cardiac arrest from the stress of the daring free fall.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Makes haste...

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Linda holds Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her free hand. The bowl game on TV is Michigan vs. Ole Miss.

Bo makes a beeline for the kitchen.

LINDA
Happy New Year, Sleepyhead. Nice of you to finally join the living.

BO
Where is that Pinewood Derby kit?

LINDA
Why?

BO
Time to break the cycle.

COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE INTERLUDE

Spotlight on the Dalai Lama. He leads a guided meditation. Legs crossed. Draped by flowy maroon-and-gold garments.

DALAI LAMA
Bo knows inner peace.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO

Bo and Garrett sketch plans for the Derby car. The final draft is somewhat simple. All they could feasibly accomplish.

BZZZZZ. Wearing goggles, Bo operates an electric saw. Sculpts the car shape into the block of wood. Garrett stands back.

Garrett sands down the car to make it smooth.

Bo directs Garrett, who glues lead weights into a stealth compartment in the rear of the vehicle.

Together they pop on the axles and wheels.

Linda peaks in. No notes! She quietly disappears.

The last step: paint. Garrett picks blue and orange to honor Bo. Shocker! They paint. Make it look professional.

Garrett sets the car on a scale... 4.9 ounces. Street legal!

SCOUT LEADER (PRE-LAP)
On your marks...

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Pinewood Derby cars are lined up on the track. Ready to race. Garrett's respectable entry joins an impressive first heat.

SCOUT LEADER
Get set... go!

The scout leader pulls the lever that frees the cars. ZOOM. All of the cars fly down the sloped track...

Garrett's car surges ahead. Takes a commanding lead down the stretch. Crosses the finish line in first!

Bo and Garrett high ten. Linda claps so hard her palms hurt.

QUICK FLASHES: Garrett's car wins three heats in a row. Brad's car wins three heats in a row. Heading for a showdown.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Brad and Garrett's cars are lined up. The only two left.

SCOUT LEADER
Welcome to the final heat. This is
for all the marbles. Let's hear it!

The crowd cheers. Dickhead Dad is supremely confident. Linda is anxious. Bo more anxious.

SCOUT LEADER
On your marks... get set... go!

The scout leader pulls the lever that frees the cars. ZOOM!

Neck and neck at first. Brad's car pulls away...

The finish isn't close. Dickhead Dad hoists Brad atop his shoulders, parades him around. Brad points at Garrett's face.

Garrett is a good sport. But there's disappointment in his eyes. A wave of determination washes over Bo.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Bo checks over both shoulders. Makes sure nobody is around. Picks up a sledgehammer and -- WHAP -- breaks his own hand.

LOOP TO:

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Brad and Garrett's cars are lined up. The only two left.

SCOUT LEADER
On your marks... get set... go!

The scout leader pulls the lever that frees the cars. ZOOM!

Brad's car pulls away... The finish is closer but still not that close. Dickhead Dad and Brad taunt the Jacksons.

Bo, Garrett and Linda are all dejected.

INT. HUNTING CLOSET - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - NIGHT

Bo checks over both shoulders. Makes sure nobody is around. Picks up a sledgehammer and -- WHAP -- breaks his own hand.

LOOP TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed. Immediately picks up the telephone and dials.

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

Richard answers the phone. Woozy. Half asleep.

RICHARD
Hello???

INTERCUT BO AND RICHARD PHONE CALL

BO
Hey, Richard.

RICHARD
How foolish of me to think I'd get
New Year's Day off.

BO
Sorry. Urgent family matter. Need
you to get everything off my books
for the next few days. And I mean
everything. Thanks. Happy New Year.

RICHARD
What? Bo, wait...

Empty dial tone.

BO KNOWS TEAMWORK MONTAGE:

- Bo plays "Crazy" by Seal on his Discman. Writes a list titled "Pinewood Derby Plan." The first bullet: "Visit Kip"
- Kip diagrams on the chalkboard in his office. Gives Bo a crash course in the physics of racing.
- Bo rings up Mario Andretti. Over the phone, they discuss the strategy of building a winning race car.
- Hunting shed. George joins the father-son team. The effort is more sophisticated. They diligently design and build.
- Garrett weighs the car. Precisely 5.0 ounces. Perfection.
- The car: Scientific. Sleek. Sexy. Batmobile, eat your heart out. Garrett is psyched. Bo and George exchange low fives.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Dickhead Dad and Brad get pushy with the scout leader.

DICKHEAD DAD
Hand over the trophy now and spare
these families some embarrassment.

SCOUT LEADER
Brad needs to compete like --

-- LL Cool J's "Mama Said Knock You Out" BLASTS throughout the room. *Where in the hell is that coming from?*

SLO-MO: An entourage of Bo, George, Kip and Mario emerges.
All wearing "Team Garrett" shirts. Bo carries a boombox.

Garrett follows them, shadowboxes in a "Team Garrett" robe. Dickhead Dad gulps. Little Brad might've soiled his Underoos. Linda is VIBING. Witnesses her vision come together.

QUICK FLASHES: Garrett's car smokes the competition. Brad's car smokes the competition. They're on a collision course.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Brad and Garrett's cars are lined up. The only two left. Garrett attempts a handshake. Brad slaps his hand away.

Dickhead Dad is shook. Linda is confident. Bo more confident.

SCOUT LEADER
On your marks... get set... go!

The scout leader pulls the lever that frees the cars. ZOOM!

Brad's car starts fast...

But then hits a plateau...

His lead keeps shrinking...

Momentum shifts to Garrett...

What an insanely TIGHT race...

Photo finish goes to Garrett!!!

Bo celebrates as if his team won the Super Bowl. More excited than any sports triumph he's ever experienced.

BO
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

The scout leader awards Garrett the Pinewood Derby trophy. Garrett pounces into Bo's bulky arms. *Victorious*.

George, Kip and Mario join the jollification.

Pure, unadulterated joy overwhelms Linda.

LINDA
Good for you, Vincent. Good for you.

Brad and Dickhead Dad grab their jackets. Shove people out of their way to reach the exit faster. Poor sports.

Back to the Jacksons. Bo has never been so happy. Garrett has never been so happy. Did somebody cut onions in here?

INT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Bo and George swig beverages and swing bats. Teetotaler Bo enjoys a New York Seltzer. George downs a Bud Dry.

GEORGE

Watch and learn from the master.

Perfect swing. Could teach classes off George's mechanics. Bo phones in his at-bats. Not as kinetic or explosive as usual.

GEORGE

Not even trying? Who's this new Bo?
The guy I know would poison my
drink to win a game of Battleship.

BO

It's called growing up. Say goodbye
to the chip on my shoulder.

GEORGE

Zen. I dig it.

BO

Hey, George.

GEORGE

Yeah, Bo-Bo.

BO

There's something I have to do and
it's totally gonna suck. But it
must be done. Any advice?

George stops hitting. Puts down his bat. Bo follows suit.

GEORGE

So I flew out to Vegas recently.
Went over to the Bellagio for an
all-you-can-eat crab-leg buffet.
Pigged out. Freaking delicious.
Unfortunately, my taste buds liked
it more than my stomach did.

Holding back laughter is a struggle.

GEORGE

I'm in the lobby and suddenly --
POW! -- I shit my pants. Talking
blow-out diarrhea.

(MORE)

To make matters worse, I'm wearing white pants. Had to tie my expensive leather jacket around my waist to hide the mess. Totally ruined it.

Bo and George are both dying, but George soldiers on.

GEORGE

No way I'm hailing a cab in this condition. So I waddle across the Strip and back to my hotel. It's like a mile away. Each step unleashes another bowel explosion, down my leg and into my loafers. Squish squish squish. Honestly, I had no clue the human body could store that much feces.

It's so funny they are holding their ribs. Literally in pain.

GEORGE

Everyone saw and smelt my little accident. And I mean everyone. It was humiliating. But I had to keep going. Eventually, I reached my room. Best shower ever. Hands down.

George grabs Bo by the shoulder and gets serious.

GEORGE

Sometimes you have to walk a mile in shit-splattered pants to get a nice warm shower. That's life.

Bo concurs. Exactly what he needed to hear.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

The Bengals visit the Raiders. The Raiders lead 7-3 early in the third quarter. It's a toss-up.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NFL Playoffs - January 13, 1991"

George is in the stands with Linda, Garrett and Nicholas. All dressed in silver-and-black Raiders garb.

2nd down and 10. In the backfield, Bo inhales. Huge exhale.

BO

The exact same way.

Hut hut hike. The quarterback pitches to Bo, who rushes right. Blows by hapless Bengals defenders with ease...

Caught between a tackler and the sideline, Bo is stuck...
He stops on a dime, cuts inward. Bo hits the afterburners...
The last Bengals player lunges at Bo's tree trunks and hangs on for dear life. It's as if he's being dragged behind a car.
Bo churns. Pistons firing. But can't break free. Tackled after a 34-yard gain. POP!

X-RAY VISION

Inside Bo's leg, the sheer force dislocates his left hip.

The pain is excruciating, causes Bo to squirm on the turf. He waits for the reset... waits some more... **THERE IS NO RESET!**

Bo lies on the ground in agony, yet smiles from ear to ear. Discovers an odd state of bliss.

Art and the head trainer check on him. Baffled.

ART

Who smiles when they get hurt?
You're a strange cat, Jackson.

BO

Been a really long year, coach.

Linda views her husband through binoculars.

Bo remains in good spirits as the trainer examines him.

GARRETT

Mom, is dad OK?

LINDA

Yeah. I think he actually is OK.

GEORGE

Don't worry, boys. Your pops is made of titanium. Lookie there. He's already walking it off.

Bo is NOT walking it off. Art and the trainer help him limp to the sideline. He only puts weight on his right leg.

Howie and Marcus check on Bo as he gimps by.

BO

Go win this game, fellas!

INT. PATIENT ROOM - ALABAMA SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER - NIGHT

Dr. Andrews' face creases. Bo and Linda listen.

DR. ANDREWS
There's no easy way to say this...

Pause.

DR. ANDREWS
But my recommendation is an
artificial hip.

Understandingly, Bo nods. Linda buries her face in her hands.

BO
It's alright, Linda. We'll get
through this.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - ALABAMA SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER - DAY

Under anesthesia, Bo lies on a gurney in a hospital gown. Dr. Andrews and a surgical team perform hip replacement surgery.

INT. CNN STUDIO SET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Larry and Bo sit opposite. Trademark digital map backdrop. Chyron: "Is Bo Jackson Done?" Yet the atmosphere is chummy.

INT. LIVING ROOM SET - NBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

On the *Fresh Prince* set. In between takes, Bo hobbles over on his crutches to say what's up to Alfonso and Will.

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

Richard reviews contracts at his desk. Booooooring.

DING DONG.

Someone's at the front door. Richard gets up...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - RICHARD'S HOME - DAY

Bo's Dodge Viper is parked there. With a gigantic bow on top.

Richard finds a handwritten note: "A wise man once told me that we Alabama guys have to stick together. - Bo."

There are no words for what Richard is feeling.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bo and Linda grab dinner with George and Leslie. Bo's vibrant suit is straight outta *New Jack City*.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NEW YEAR'S EVE 1991"

Bo's party reviews the menu. A young waiter materializes.

WAITER

Bo, I mean Mister Jackson. It's a pleasure to meet you. You were my hero. Terrible what happened.

BO

Had a great run, didn't I?

Kills him with kindness. Tension defused.

PRE-LAP: A DJ spins "I'm Too Sexy" by Right Said Fred.

INT. BAR - FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trashed, George sings along. Strips shirtless. Leslie shrugs.

GEORGE

I'm too sexy for my shirt, too sexy for my shirt, so sexy it hurts...

Bo and Linda post up at the bar. He's sober. She's tipsy.

The DJ makes an announcement.

DJ

Countdown time. Who's ready to usher in a new year? 10... 9... 8... 7... 6...

BO

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...
Happy New Year!

LINDA

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...
Happy New Year!

Bo and Linda share a tender New Year's kiss.

LINDA

It's gonna be a great year.

BO

No. An incredible year.

LINDA

Time to make a wish. Ready? Go!

Linda shuts her eyes. Makes a wish. Content with his plight, Bo doesn't even bother.

Everything contracts. THWIP. Pure nothingness. PITCH BLACK.

*** THE COSMOS ***

*	The Milky Way	*	Dark Matter	*
* Supernovas	*	Wormholes	*	Asteroids *
*	Saturn's Rings	*	Brown Dwarfs	*

WHOOSH!

Warp speed back to Earth.

PRE-LAP: BEEP BEEP BEEP. An alarm sounds.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

The noise is the Bo Jackson Alarm Clock-Radio-Phone-Answering Machine-Coffeemaker Combo. It also brews a cup of Joe.

Bo's eyes pop open. He rolls out of bed.

INT. OPEN KITCHEN - THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY

A hopeful Bo saunters in wearing a robe. Linda holds Morgan with one arm and cooks pancakes with her free hand.

LINDA
Happy New Year, Vincent.

BO
(surreal)
Happy New Year.

On TV: East Carolina vs. NC State. This seems different.

Bo sees a newspaper on the table. Snatches the front page.
It's finally January 1, 1992! Bo is shellshocked.

Shock morphs into glee. Happy tears flow. Emotions flood out of him. Bo wrangles Linda and Morgan with a hug.

In a rush, Linda flips a pancake and breaks it. Being there for Bo is all that matters right now.

Garrett and Nicholas notice. Join the family embrace. Bo bear hugs his entire fam. Tight. He might never let go.

Now fully cooked, the pancake is a circle broken in half.

TITLE CARDS:

George Brett was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1999. He got his plaque.

Brett remains the only player in MLB history to win a batting title in three separate decades.

Linda Garrett Jackson continues to work in the mental health field. Making a difference. Every single day.

She's the rock of the Jackson family. Like Bo's mother was.

Vincent "Bo" Jackson is widely recognized as the greatest all-around athlete in sports history.

Bo made a brief baseball comeback with the Chicago White Sox. His first at-bat was a home run. Dedicated to his mom.

He now enjoys life as a stay-at-home dad and grandpa. He babysits. He cooks and cleans. He fixes things.

Bo has battled chronic hiccups for years (yes, seriously), but he's never been happier. After all, he's survived worse.

CLOSING CREDITS:

Names of the wonderful folks who made this movie scroll as "Scenario" by A Tribe Called Quest bumps in the background.

"A-yo, Bo knows this, and Bo knows that, But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap..."

EXT. THE JACKSONS' CONDO - DAY [POST-CREDITS]

Wearing hardcore hunting gear, Bo steps out the front door. Morgan (3), now a toddler, teeters to Bo. Clings to his leg.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Two Years Later"

MORGAN
Take me with you, daddy.

BO
I will. When you're old enough.

Bo scoops Morgan up and gives her a goodbye kiss.

EXT. SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAIN RANGE - NIGHT [POST-CREDITS]

Dusk. Bo and George hunt. Camo helps them hide. They whisper.

GEORGE
Have big news for ya, Bo-Bo.

BO

Uh-oh. Better brace myself.

GEORGE

Watching you step up as a father
inspired me. So I bought a ring and
proposed. Leslie said yes.

BO

Hell yeah! Way to go, George!

HOLY SMOKEs. Bo raising his voice attracts a BLACK BEAR. It's
the size of a Dakota. Maybe both Dakotas.

GEORGE

Shoot it!

BO

Don't move.

RAWR. The bear growls and charges...

The ferocious beast is hauling ass...

George screeches like a fax machine...

Bo aims his rifle. Waits for his shot...

BANG! At the last moment, Bo shoots the bear in the heart.
The bear crumples. THUD. Dead before it hit the ground.

GEORGE

Why the hell did you wait so long?

BO

I might be a hundred years old with
a bum hip, but I can still outrun
your slow white ass.

GEORGE

Know what else is funny? I shit my
pants again.

Clear skies. No wind. No elements. No adoring crowds. Only a
serene landscape. Bo and George take in the peaceful sunset.

 BO KNOWS INFINITY 